

SPRING ISSUE
No. 8

THE SPIRIT

10¢

his fists
laden with law,
**CRACKS
DOWN ON
CRIME!**



[illegible]



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS ^{AND} THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

The Spirit

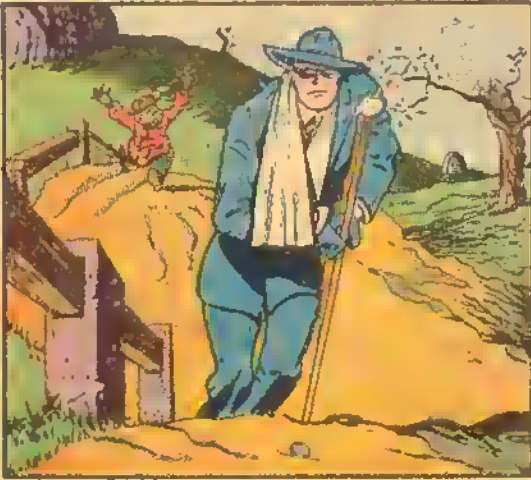
THE SPIRIT

by
Will Eisner

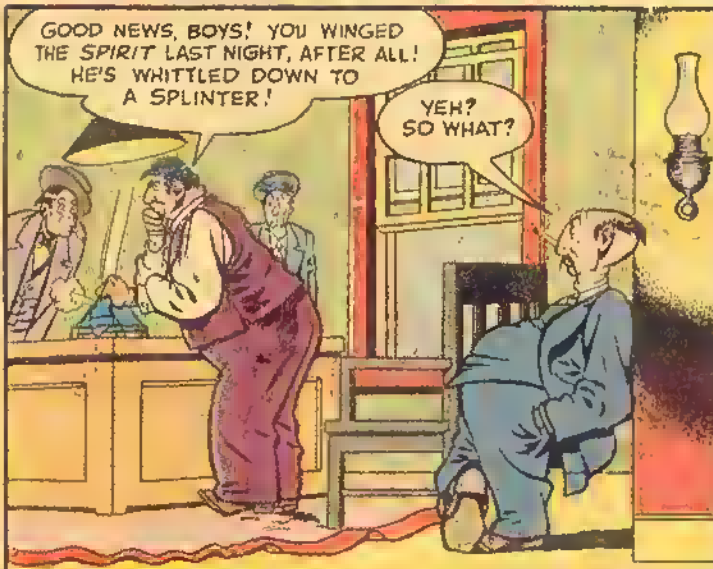
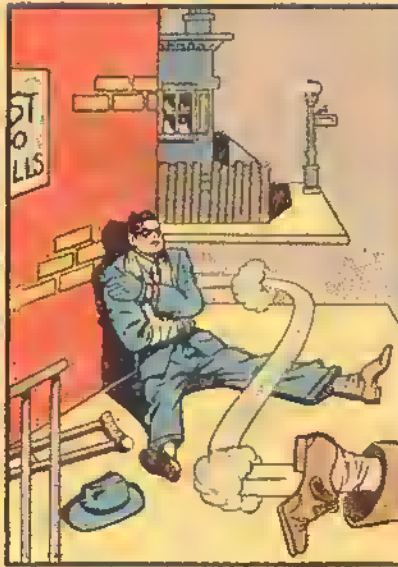


The Spirit

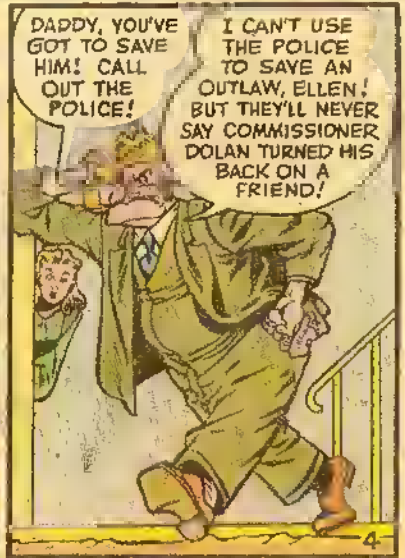
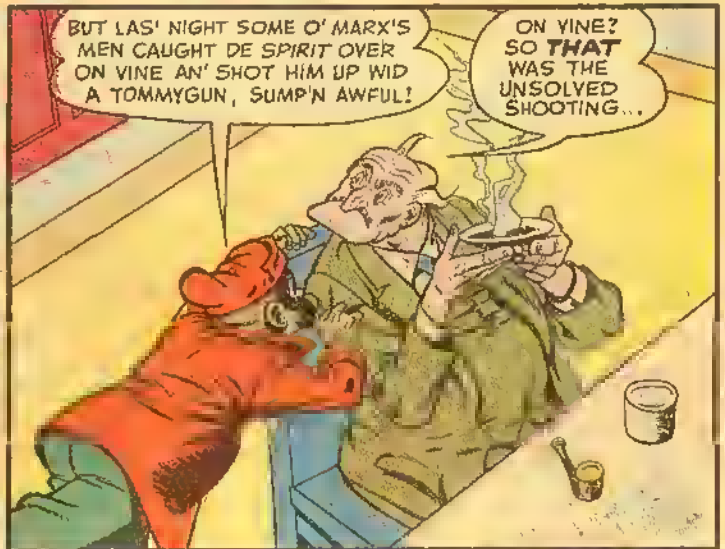
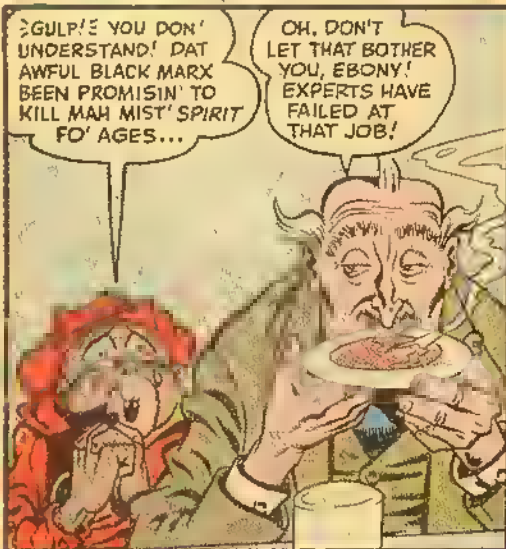
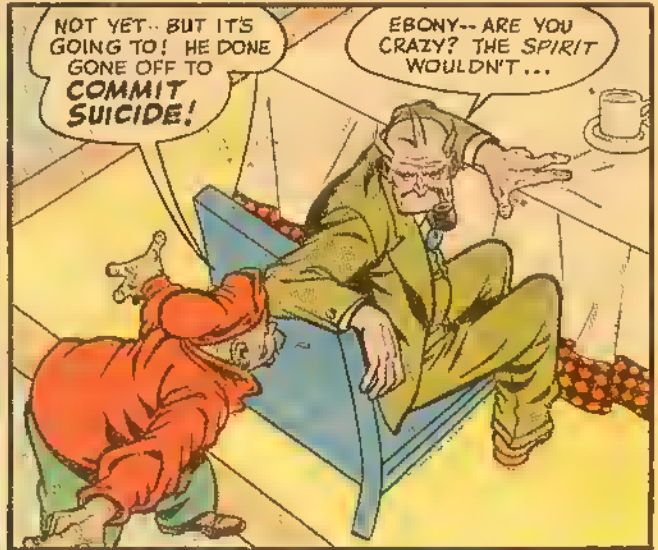
FROM his secret crime laboratory under abandoned Wildwood Cemetery comes **THE SPIRIT**-- but in a new role...



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit

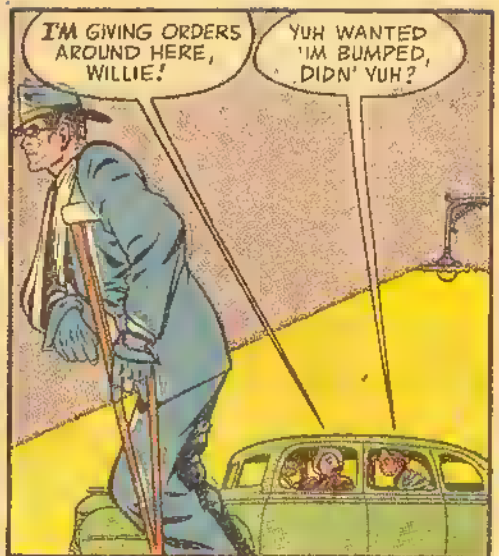


THERE HE GOES, BOSS! LET 'IM HAVE IT!



DON'T! YOU C@★#%!! FATHEAD!

OWOOO



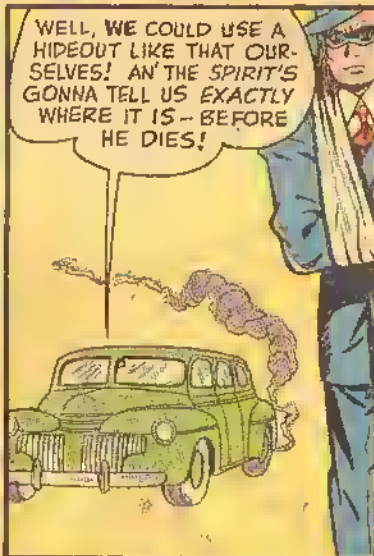
I'M GIVING ORDERS AROUND HERE, WILLIE!

YUH WANTED 'IM BUMPED, DIDN' YUH?



NOT YET, YUH ADDLE-BRAINED APE! IN ALL THE YEARS THE SPIRIT'S BEEN FIGHTING CRIME, NOBODY EVER FOUND HIS SECRET HIDEOUT, DID THEY?

NO, BUT...



WELL, WE COULD USE A HIDEOUT LIKE THAT OURSELVES! AN' THE SPIRIT'S GONNA TELL US EXACTLY WHERE IT IS - BEFORE HE DIES!



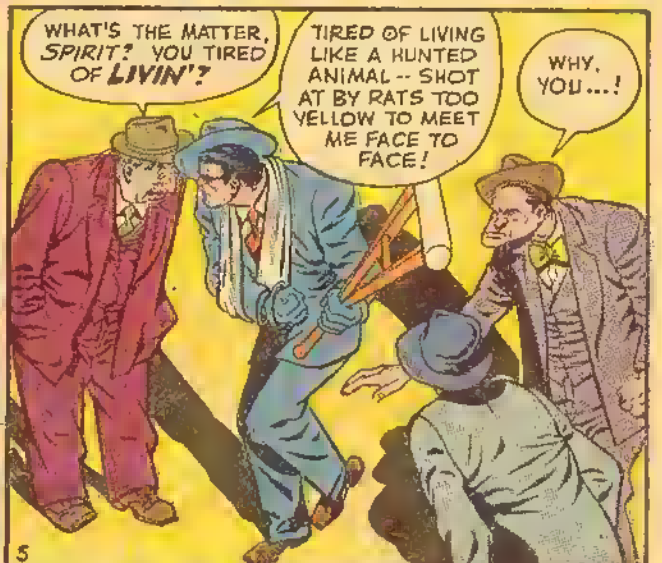
GOIN' OUR WAY, SPIRIT?

BLACK MARX!



YES, I WAS! YOUR BOYS ALMOST KILLED ME LAST NIGHT! I WAS ON MY WAY TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR A SHOWDOWN!

A SHOWDOWN - IN YOUR CONDITION? HAW-HAW-HAW!

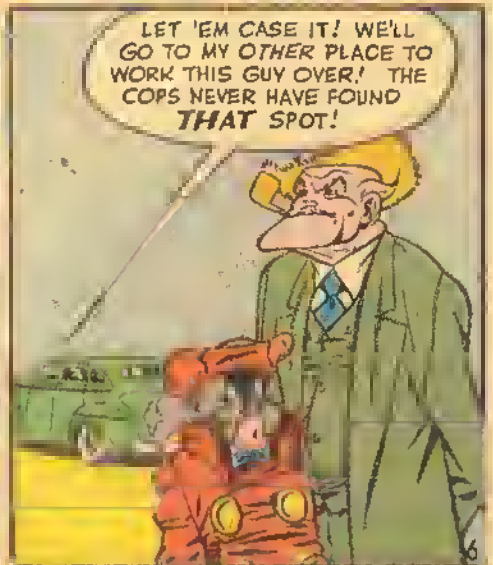
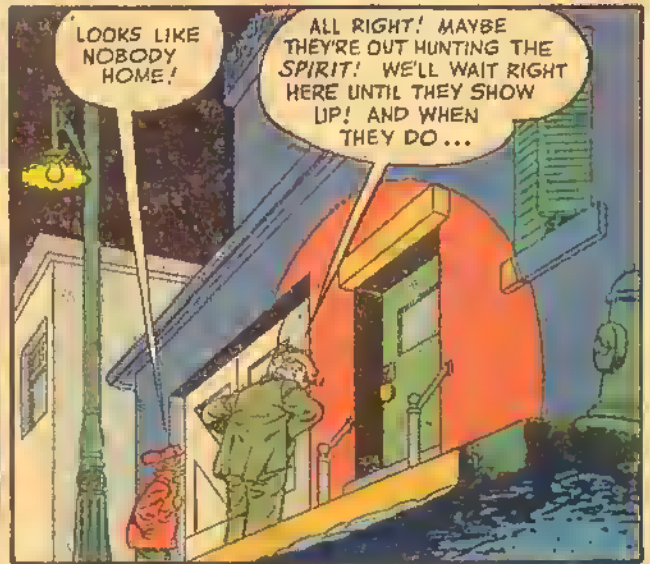
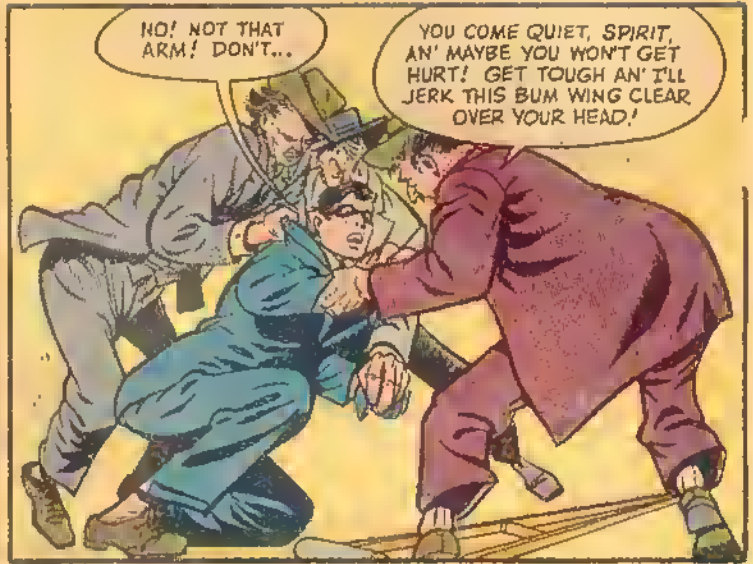


WHAT'S THE MATTER, SPIRIT? YOU TIRED OF LIVIN'?

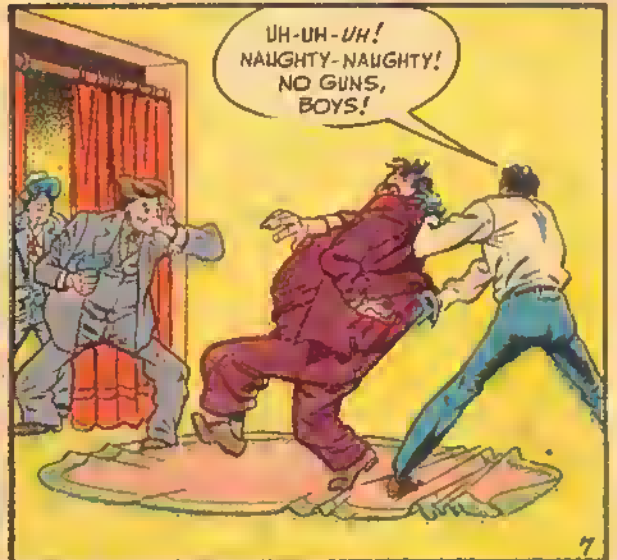
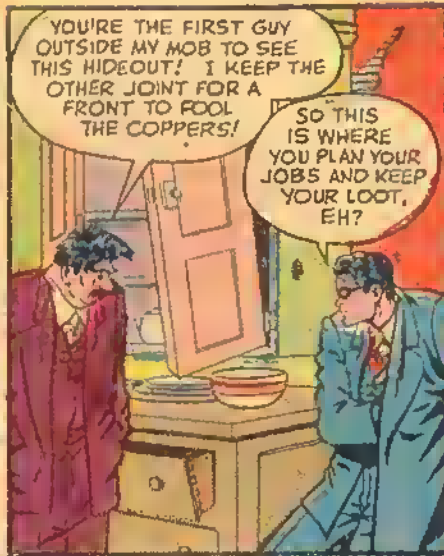
TIRED OF LIVING LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL -- SHOT AT BY RATS TOO YELLOW TO MEET ME FACE TO FACE!

WHY, YOU...!

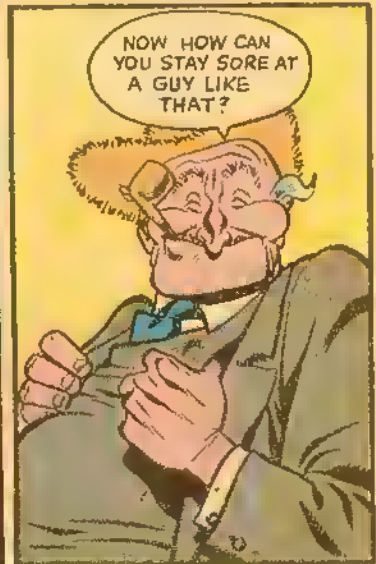
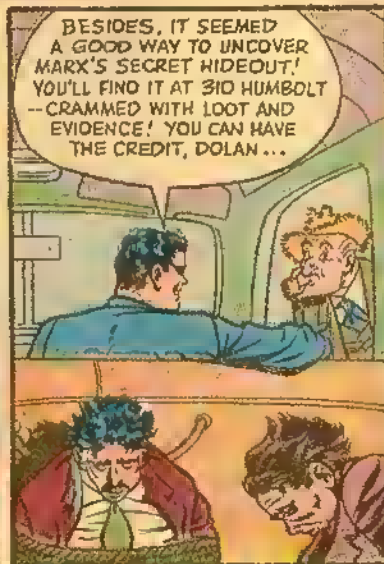
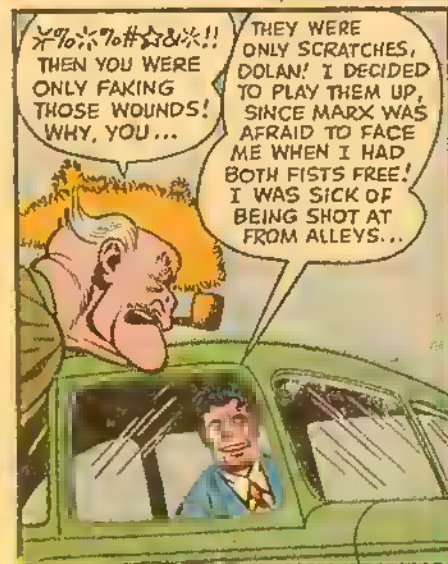
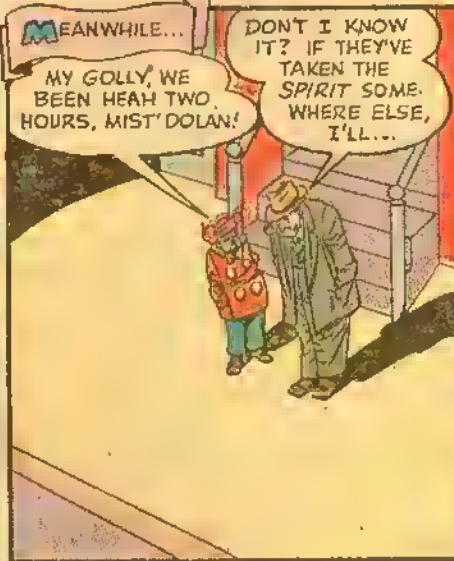
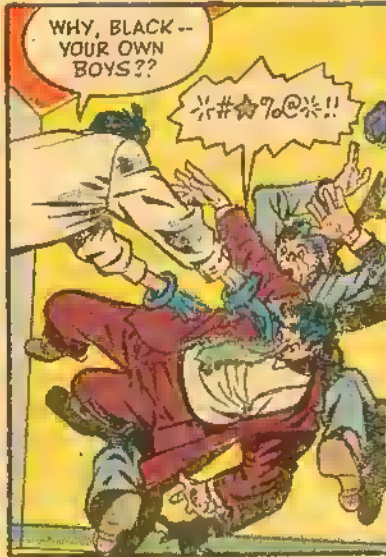
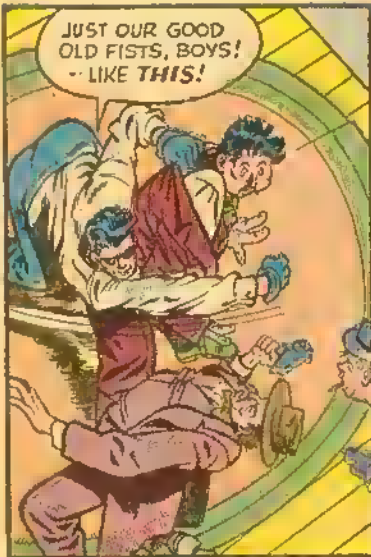
The Spirit



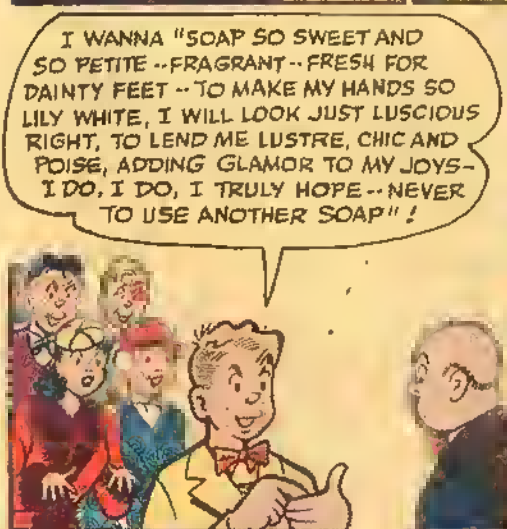
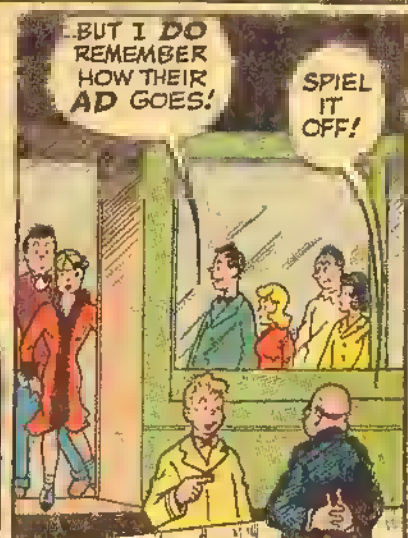
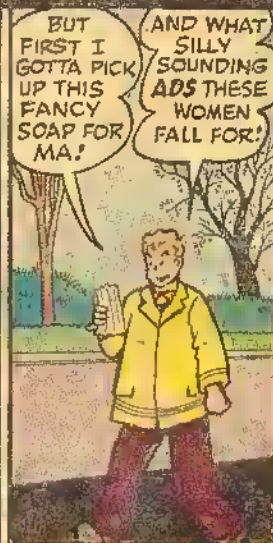
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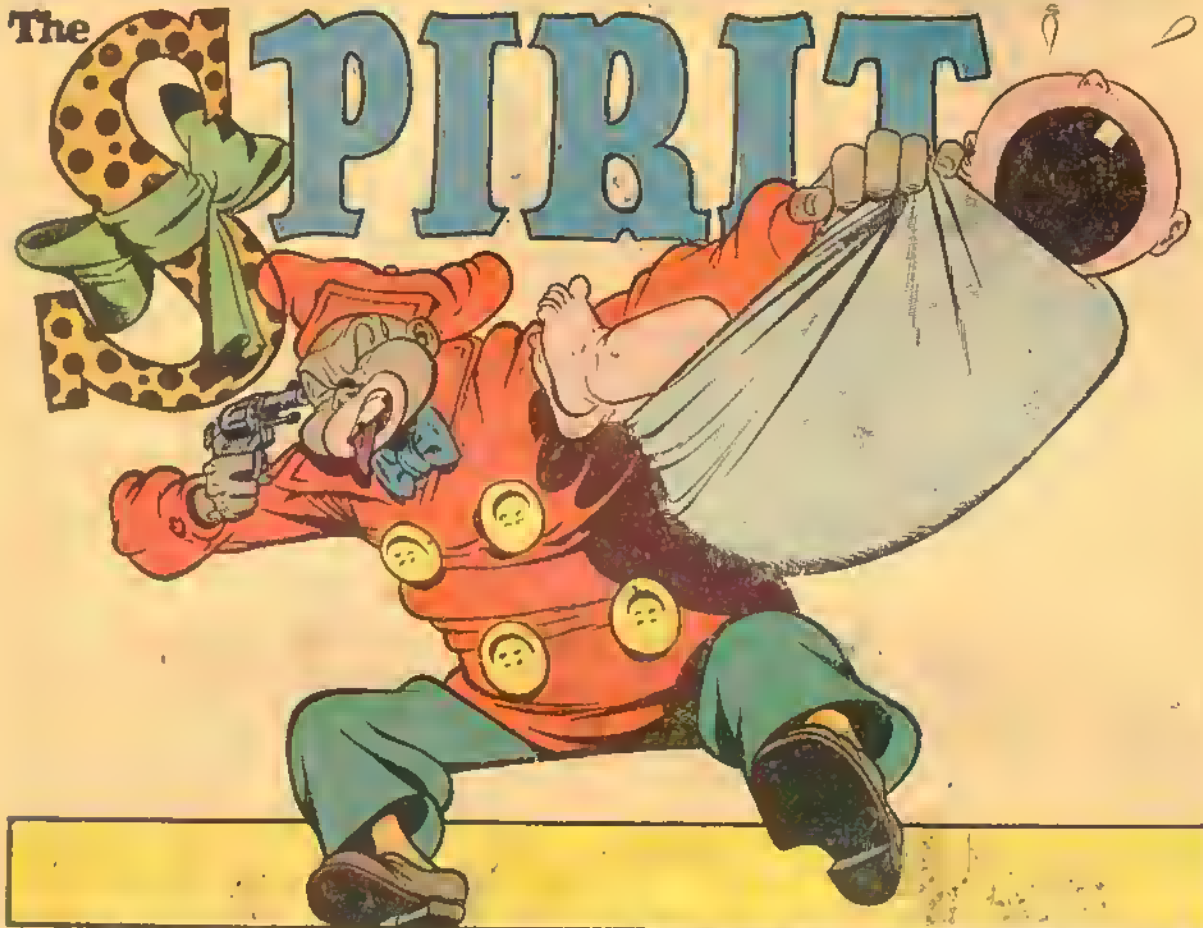


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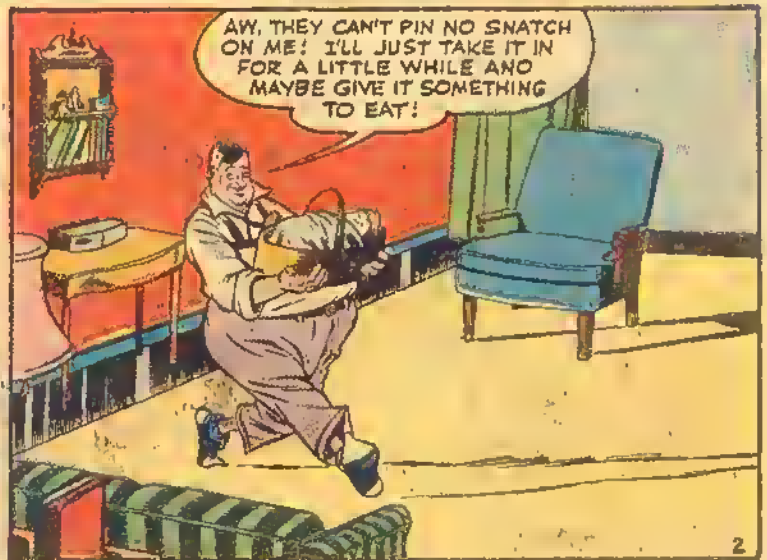
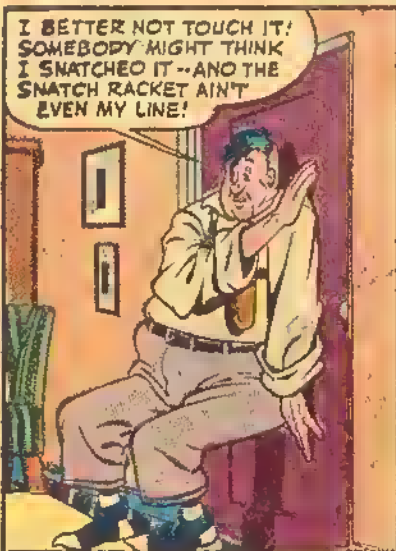
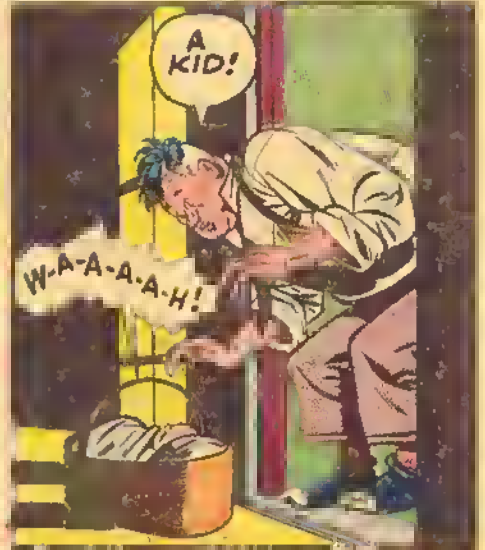


The Spirit JONES Y

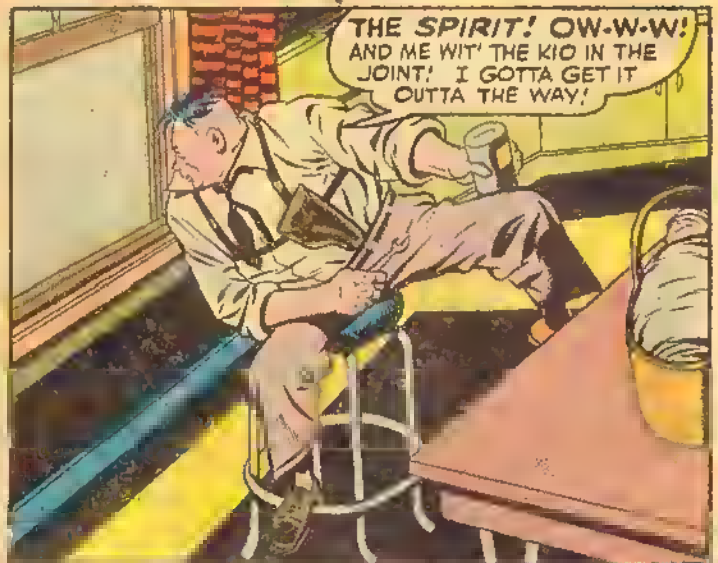
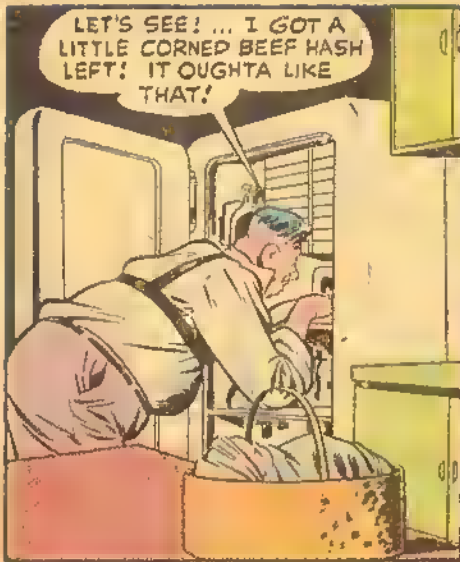




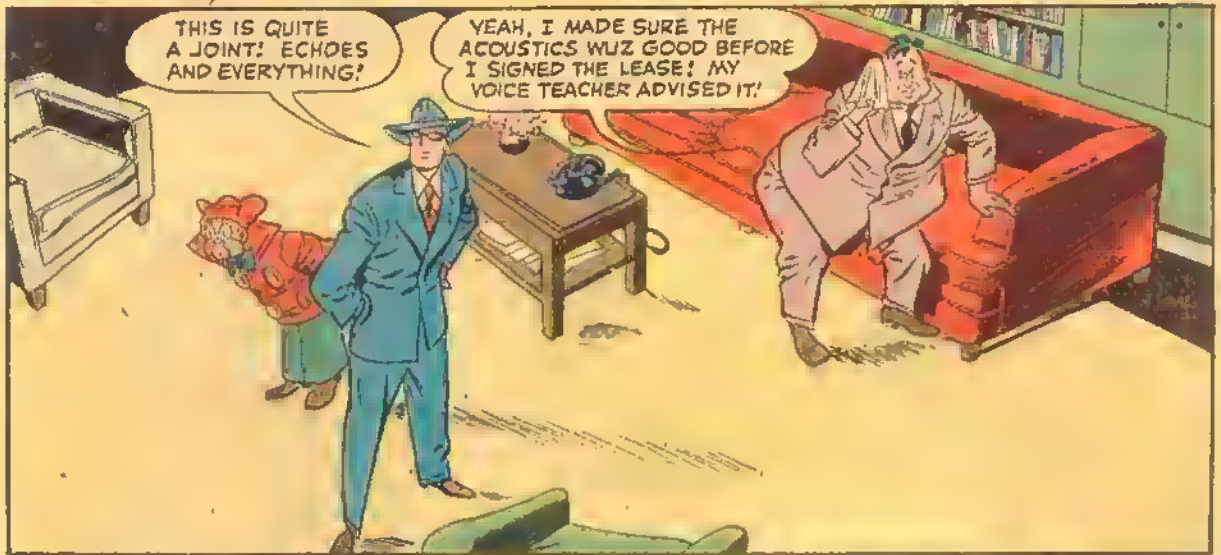
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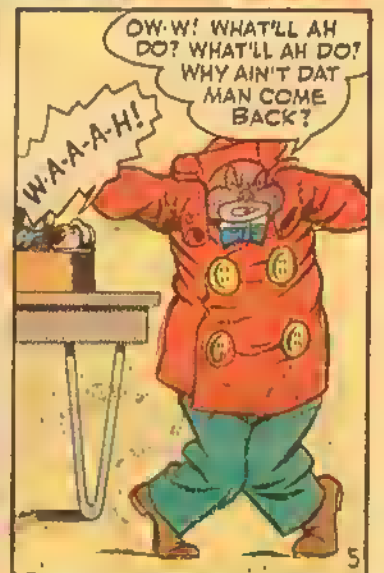
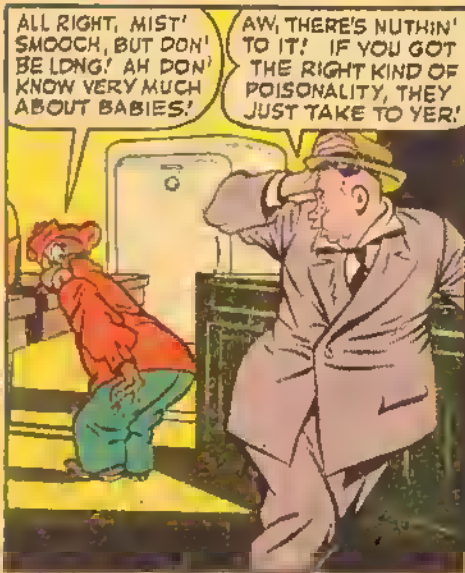
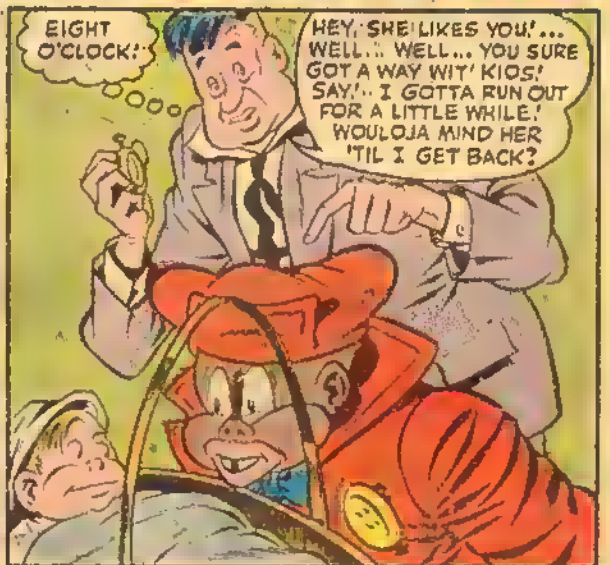
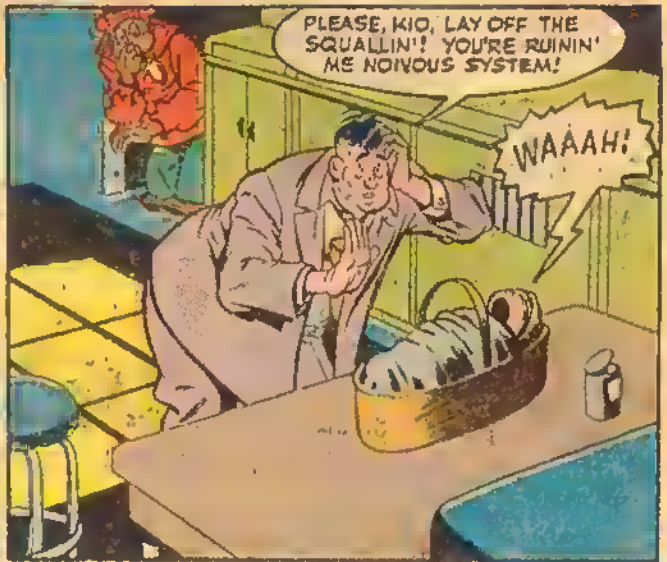
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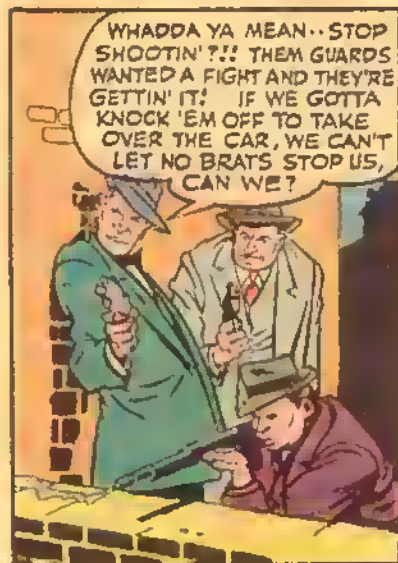
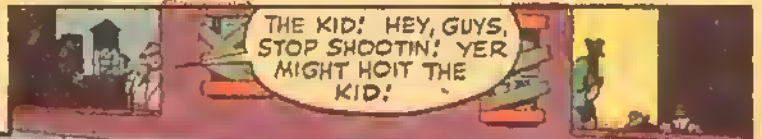
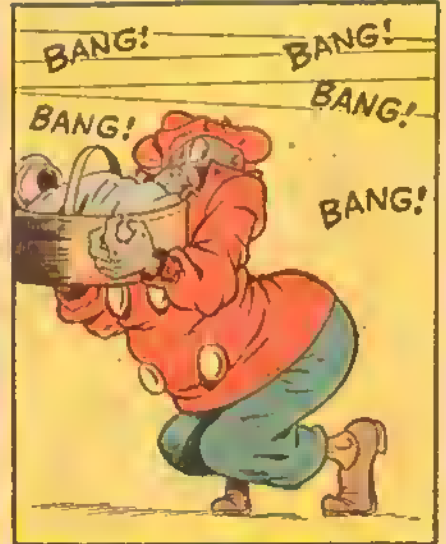
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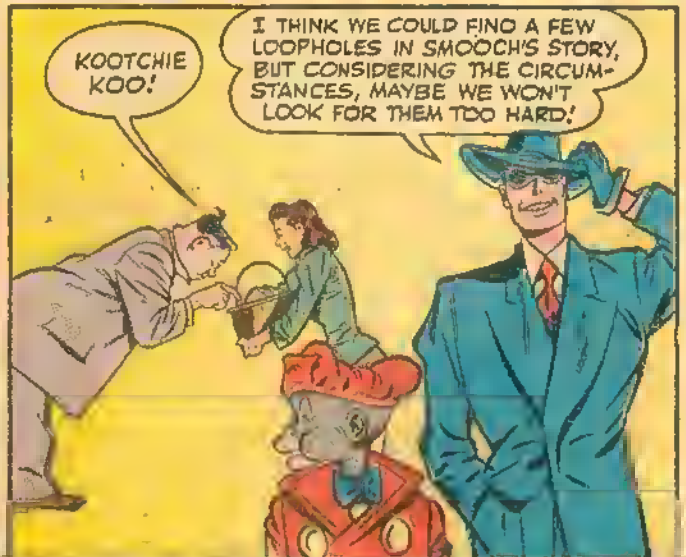
The Spirit



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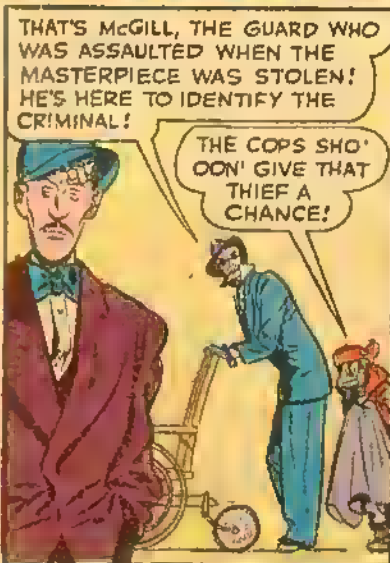
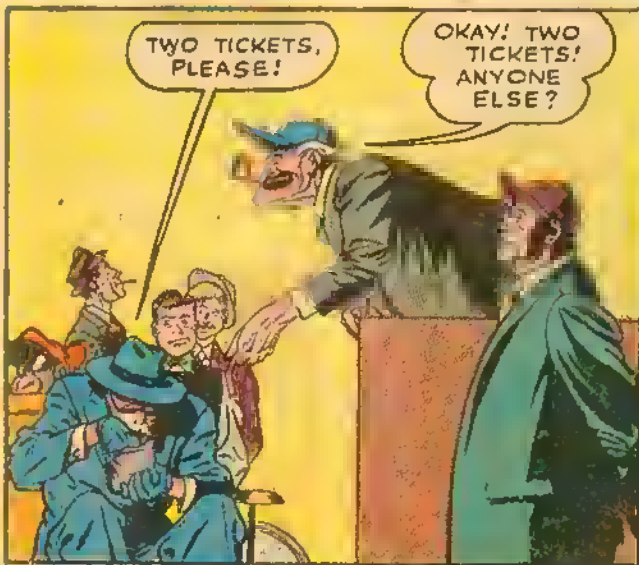
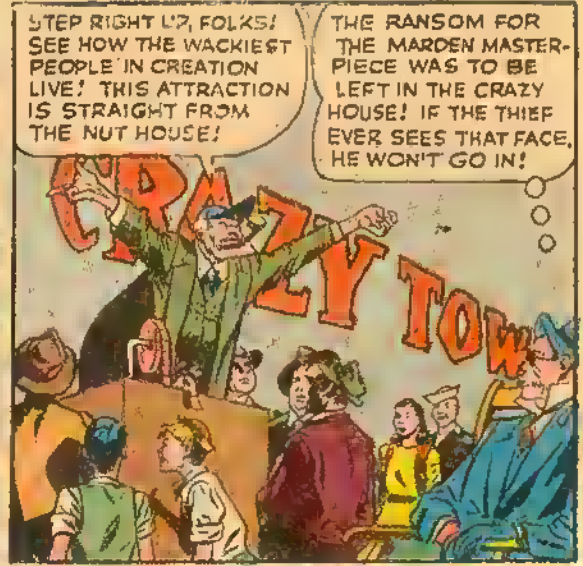
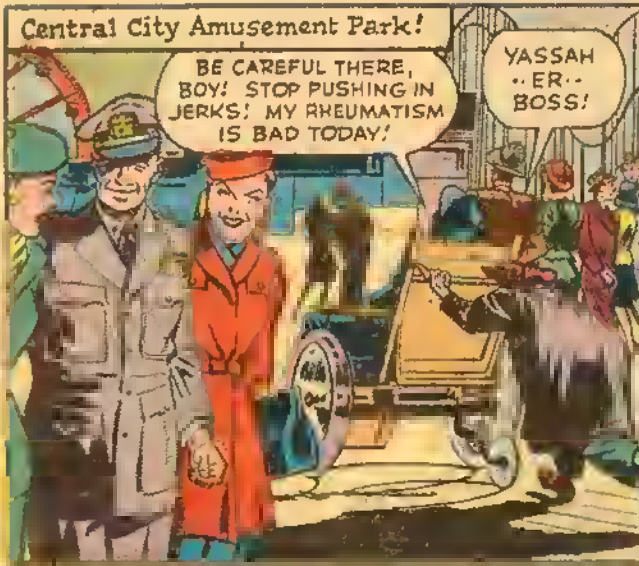


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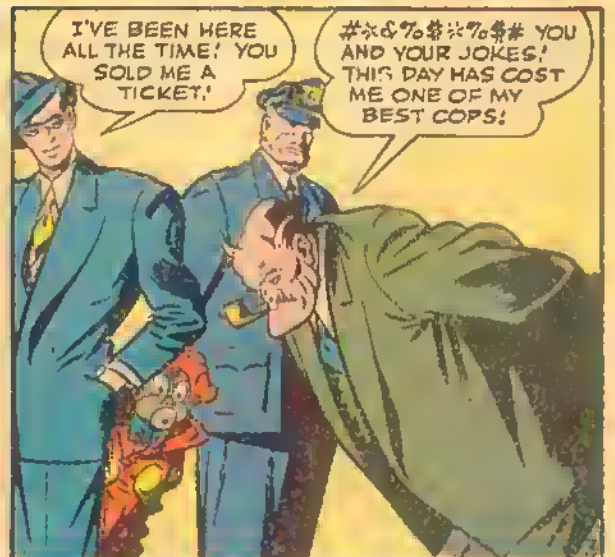
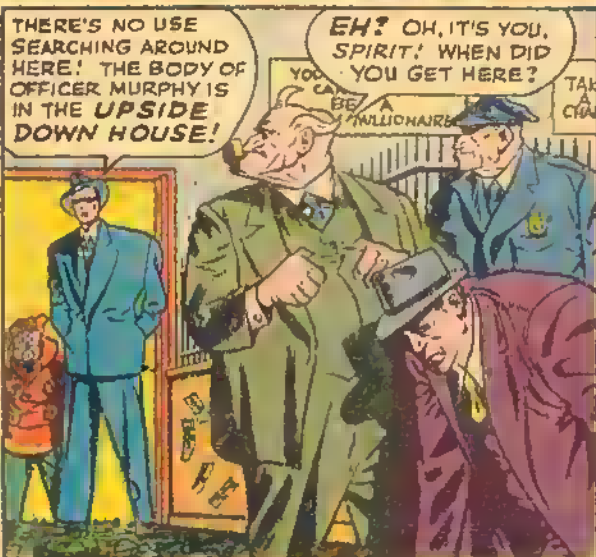
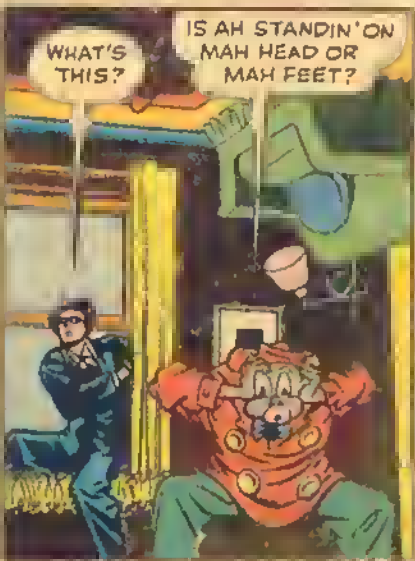
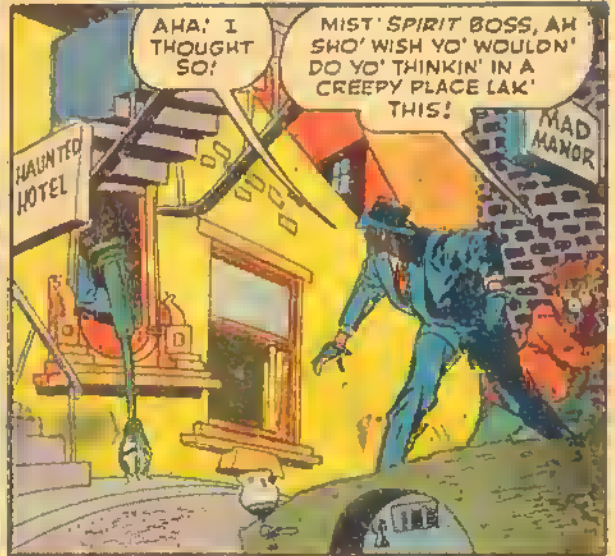


When the Commissioner is handed a topsy-turvy case and Officer Murphy is found top-side-down in the Up-Side-down House, the **CRAZIEST** situation can turn up-- and **DOES!**

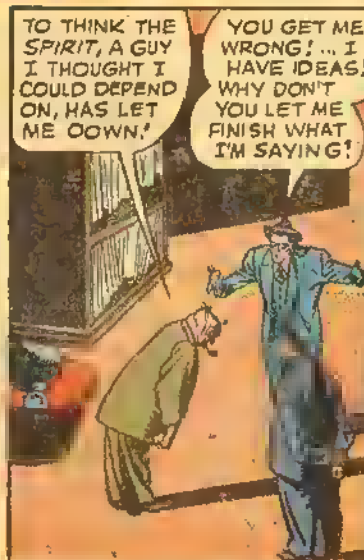
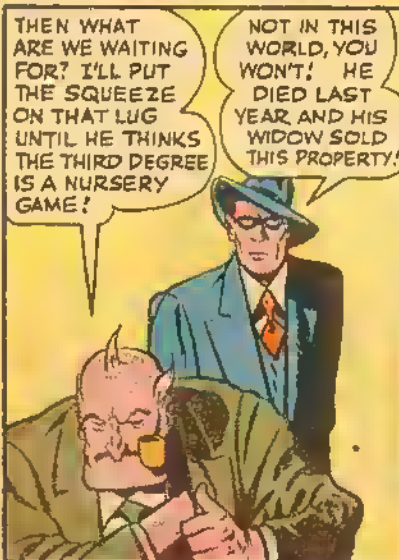
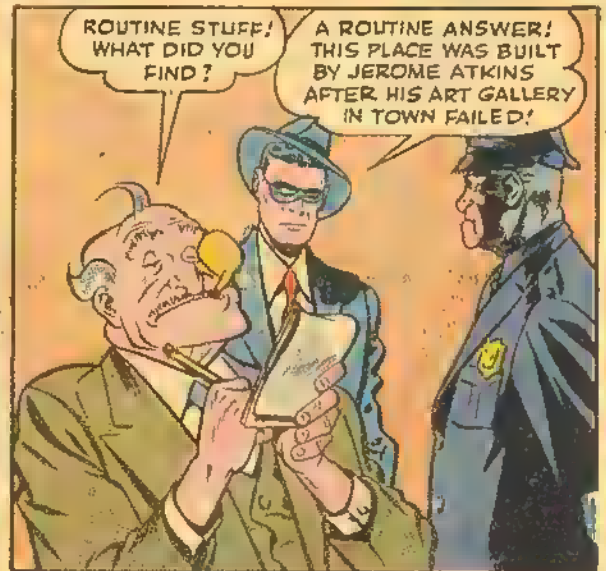




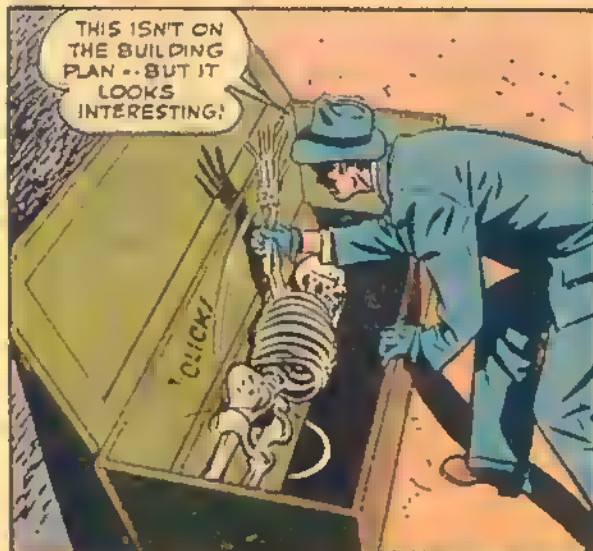
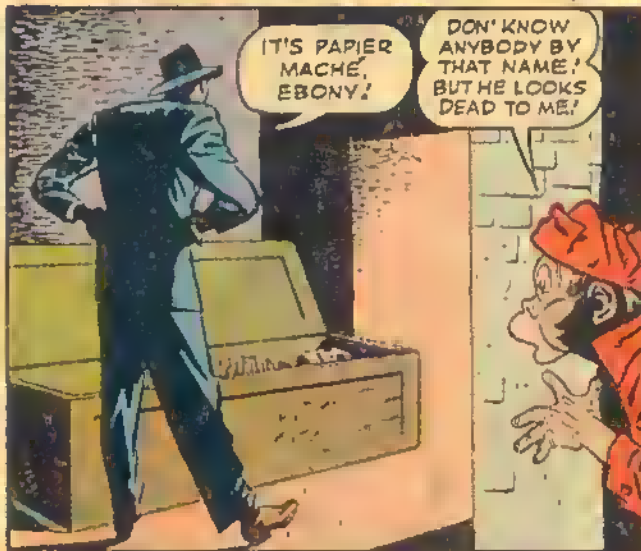
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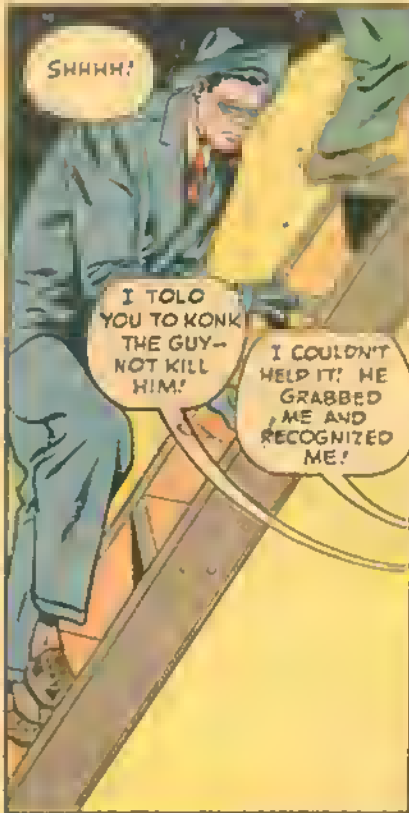
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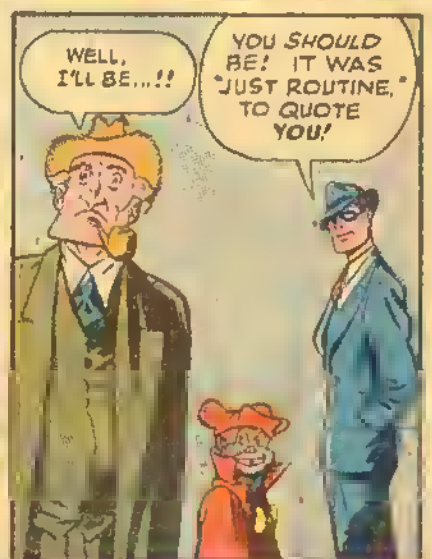
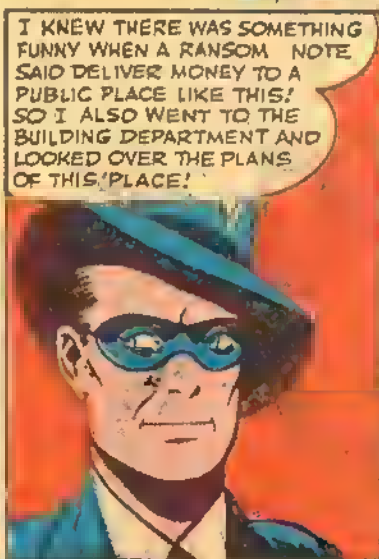
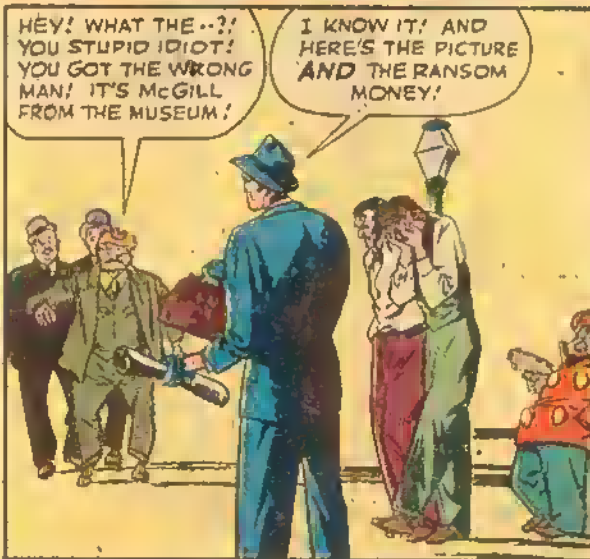


The Spirit



The Spirit





THE SPIRIT



PLEASE UNDERSTAND, ELLEN! I CAN'T TAKE YOU OUT TONIGHT -- I PROMISED TO HELP YOUR FATHER CLASSIFY THOSE NEW ROGUE'S GALLERY PHOTOS!

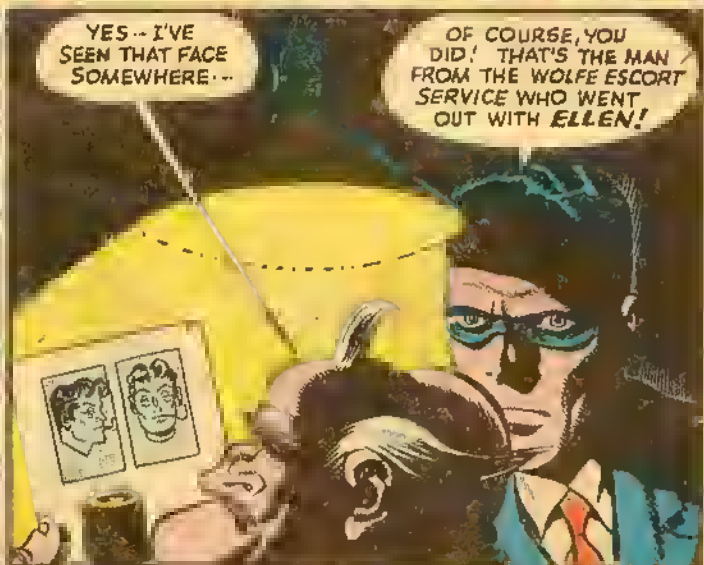
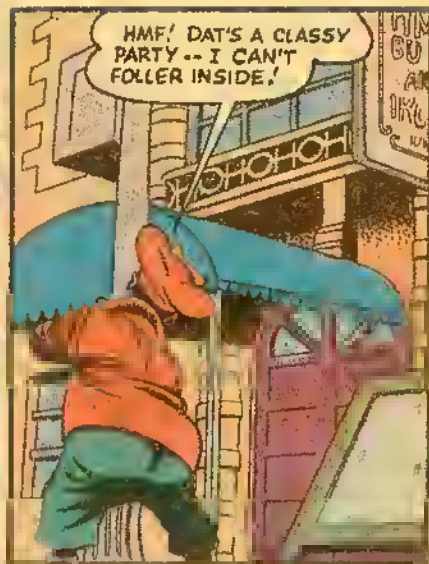
WELL... I'M GOING TO THAT PARTY!... IF NOT WITH YOU, WITH SOMEONE ELSE!

IS THIS THE WOLFE ESCORT SERVICE? WELL, SEND THE BEST SPECIMEN YOU HAVE TO THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN!

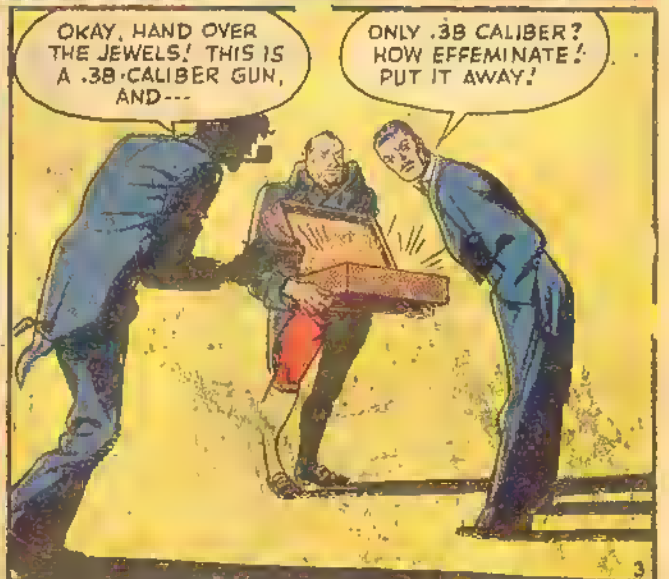
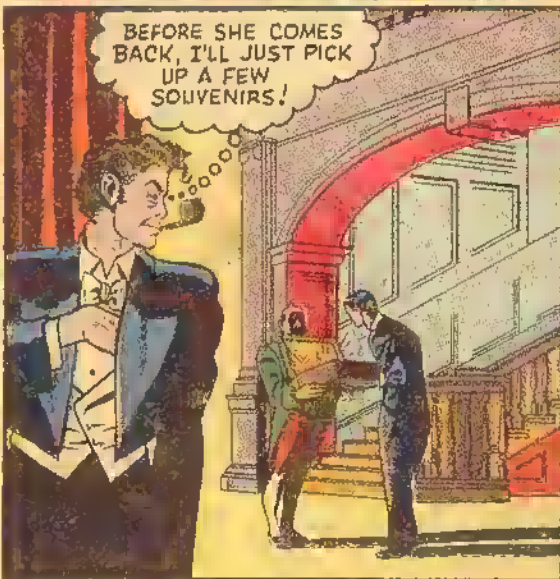
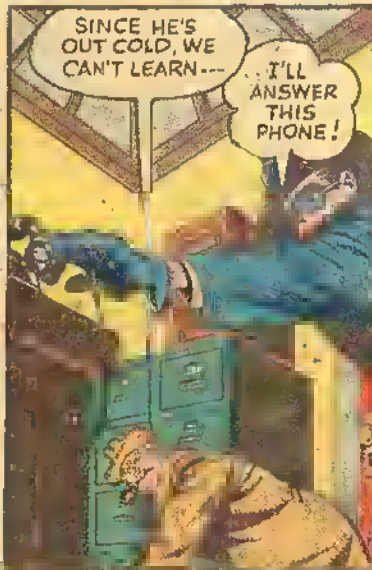
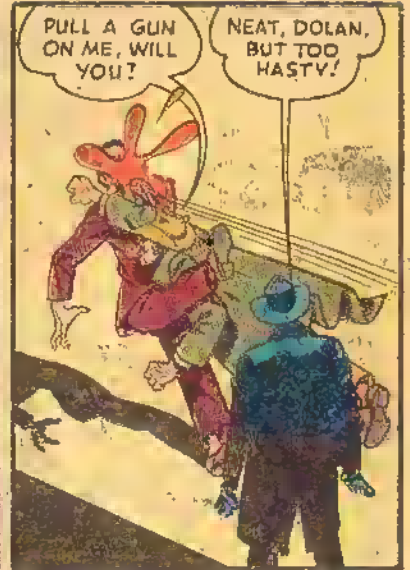
WAS IT YOU WHO CALLED, FAIR LADY? WELL, HERE'S YOUR BIG BEAUTIFUL HUNK OF MAN --- ESCORT BUZZ HORSLEY, AT YOUR SERVICE!

AAAAAH!

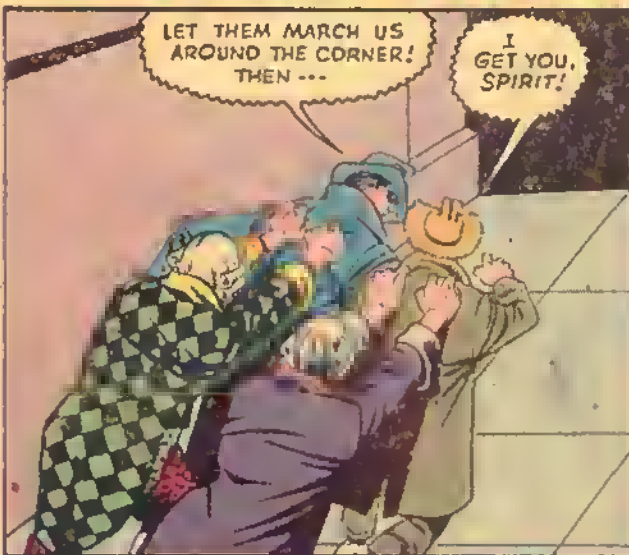
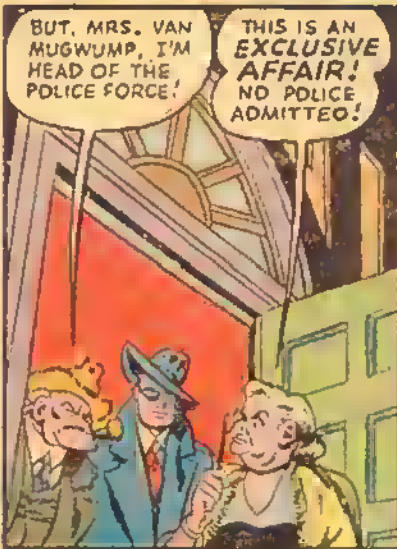
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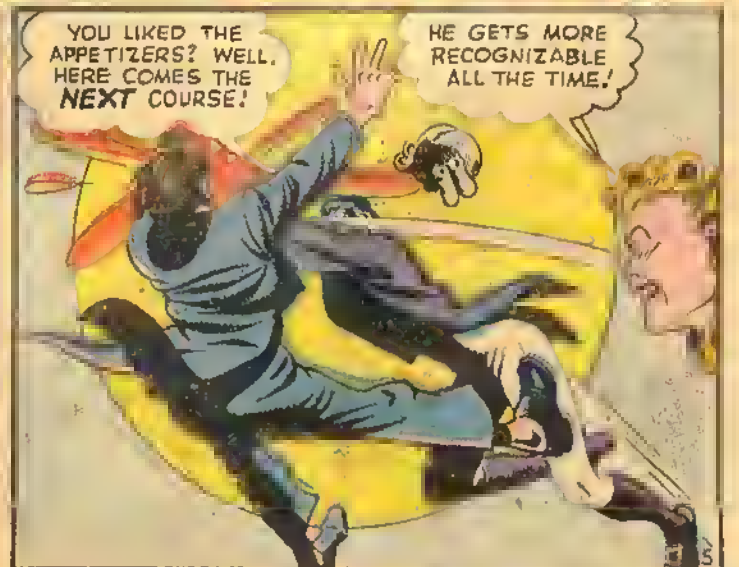
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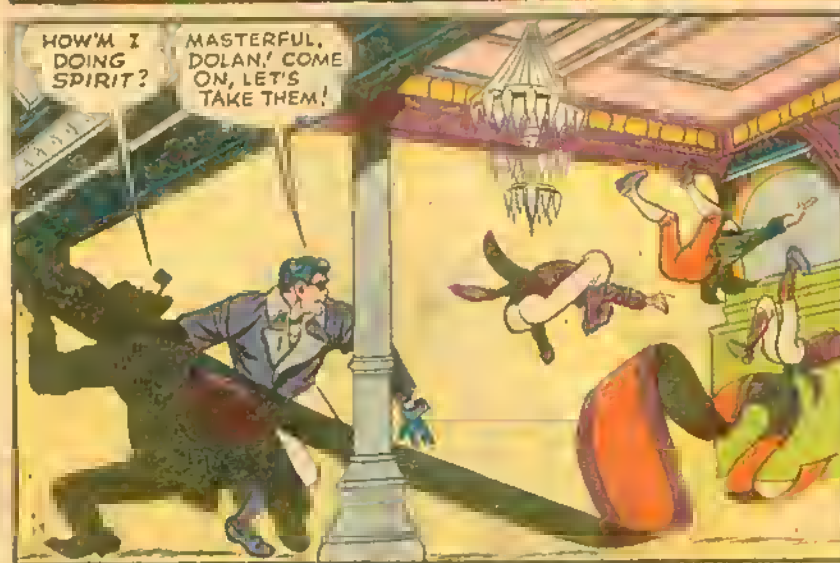
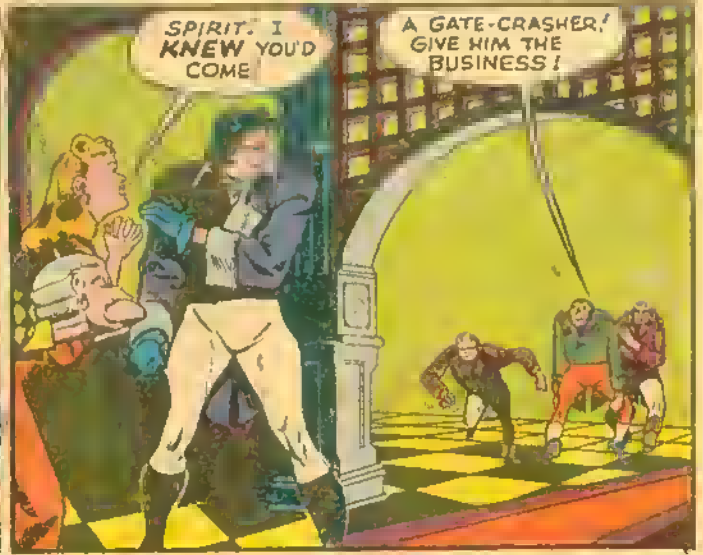
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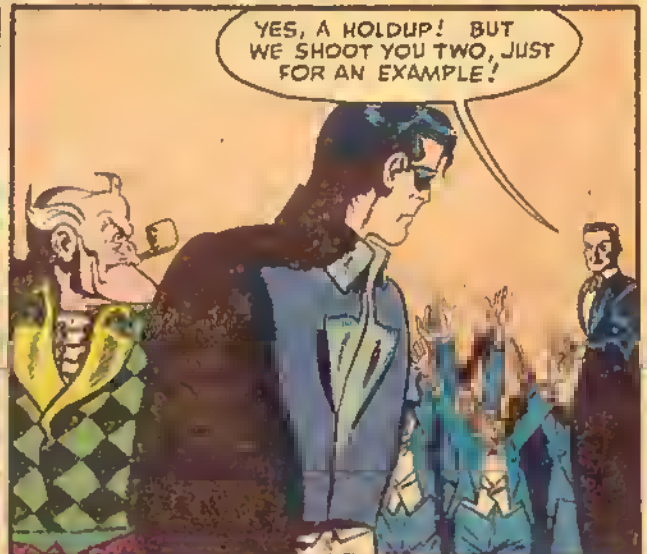
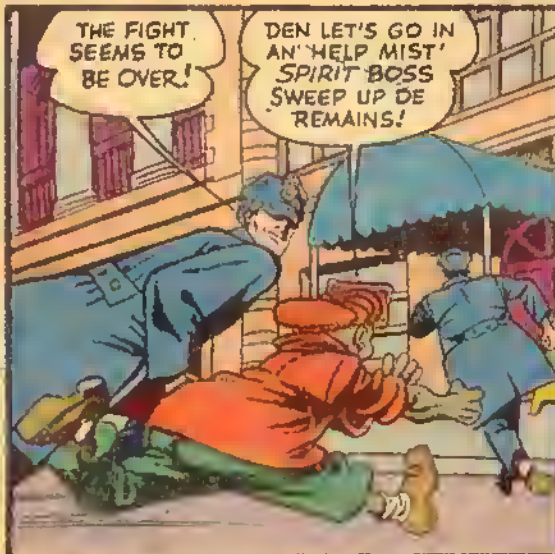
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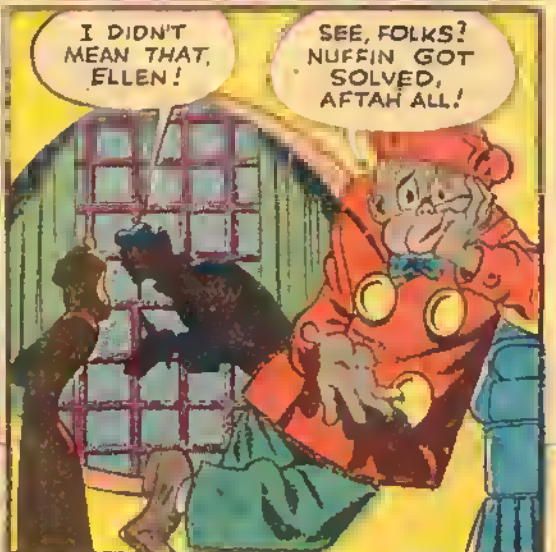
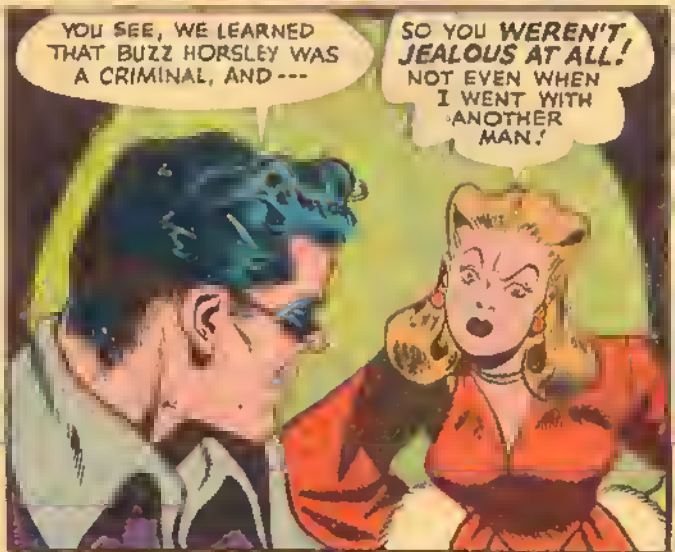
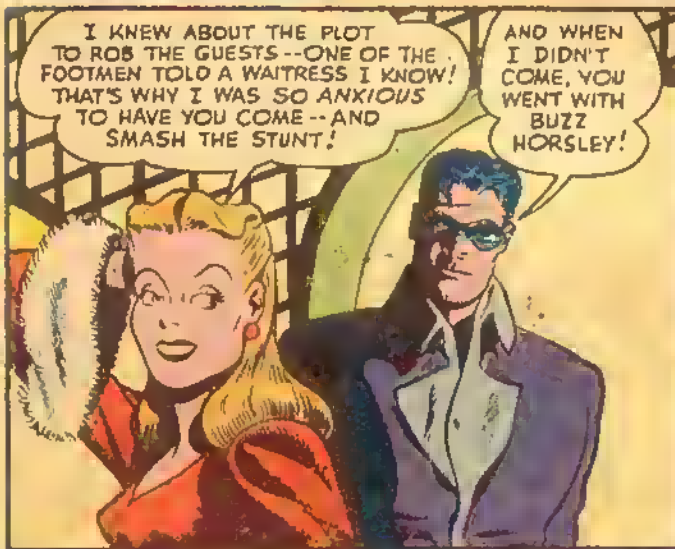
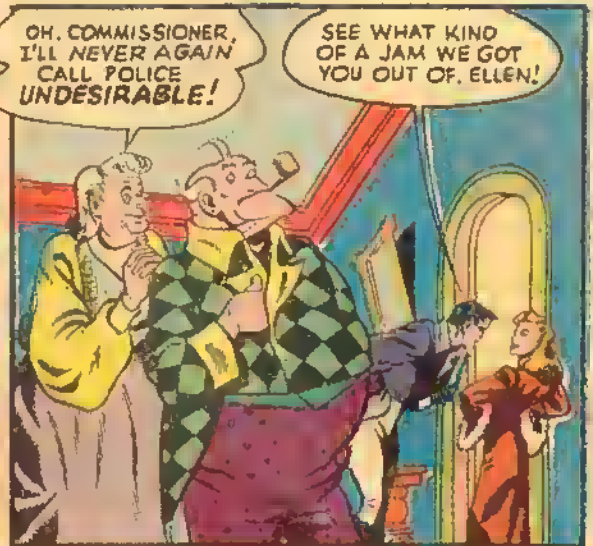
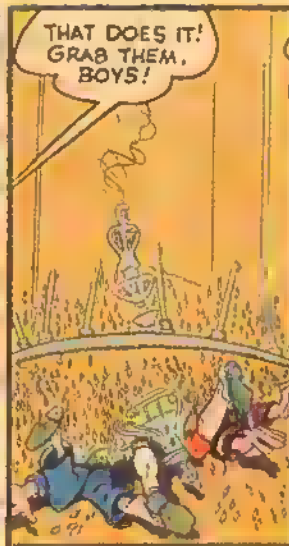
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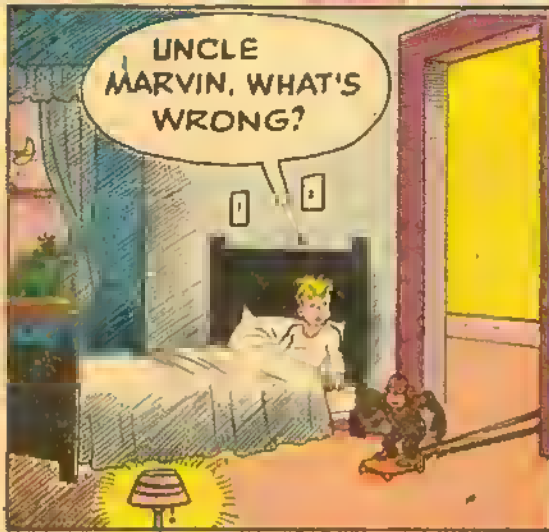
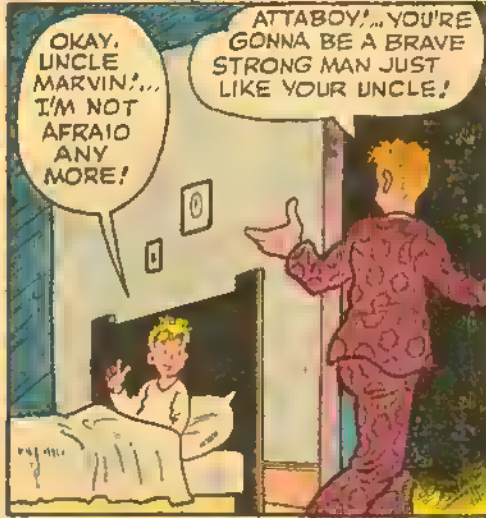
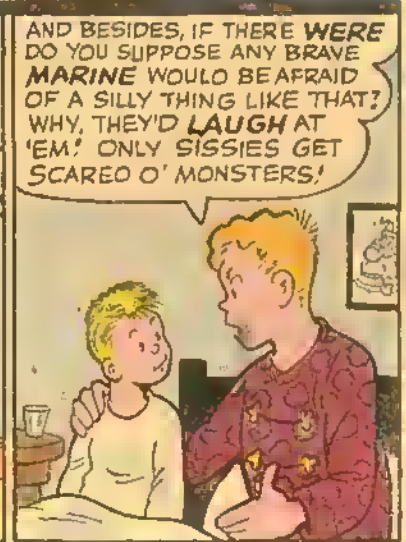


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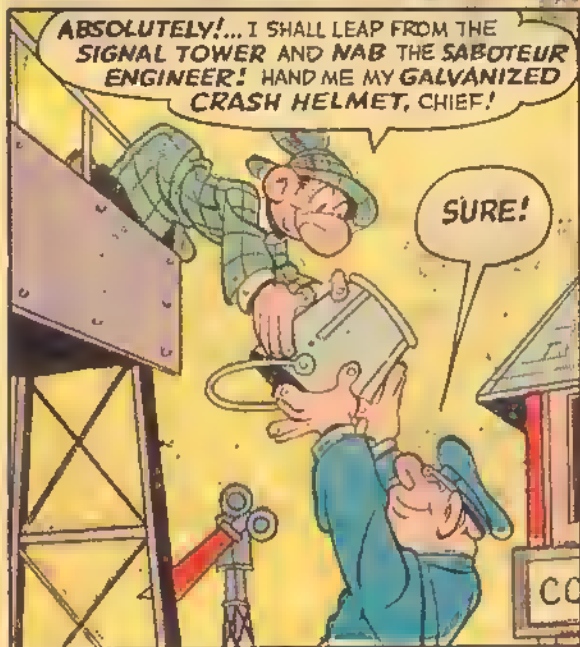
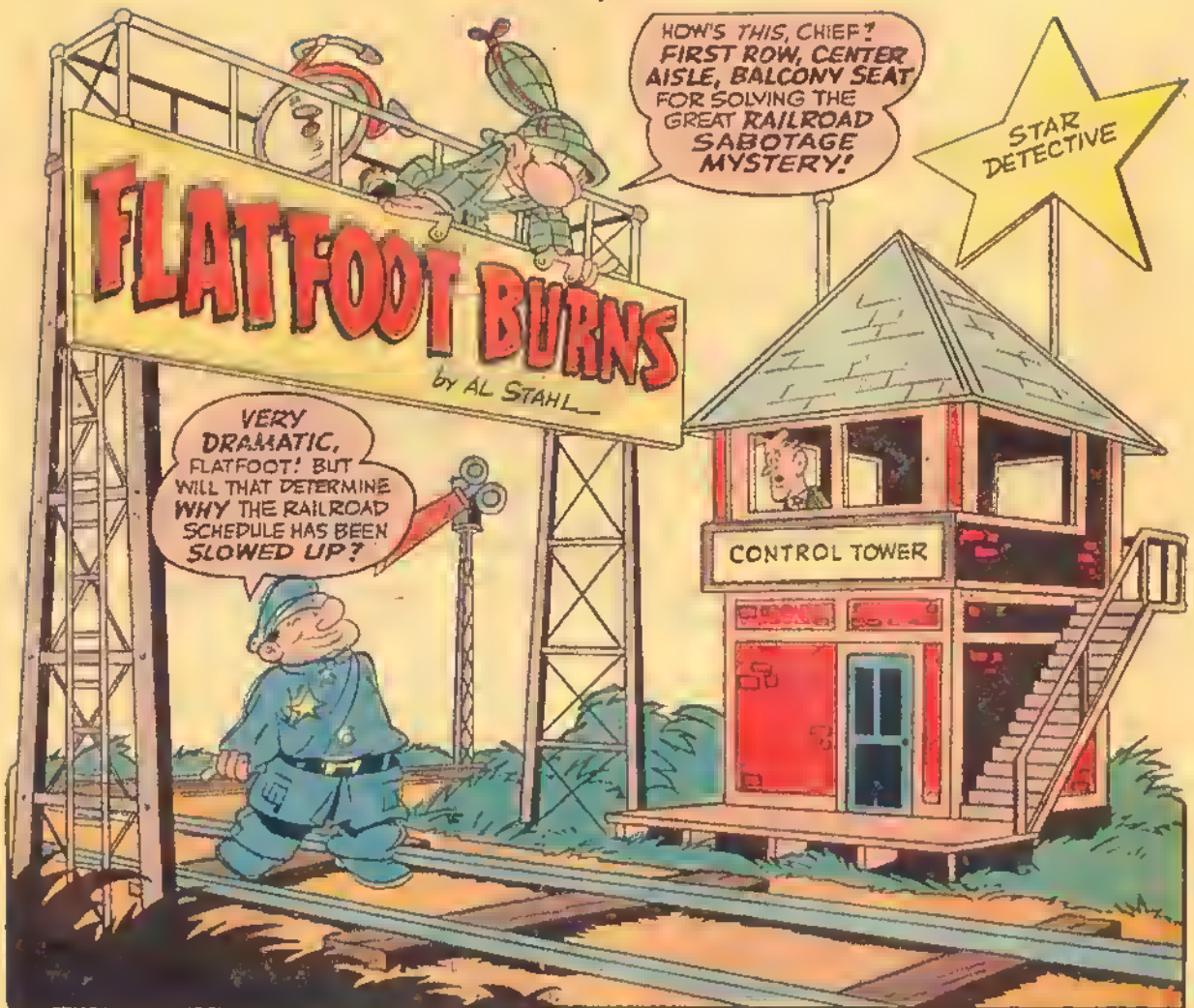


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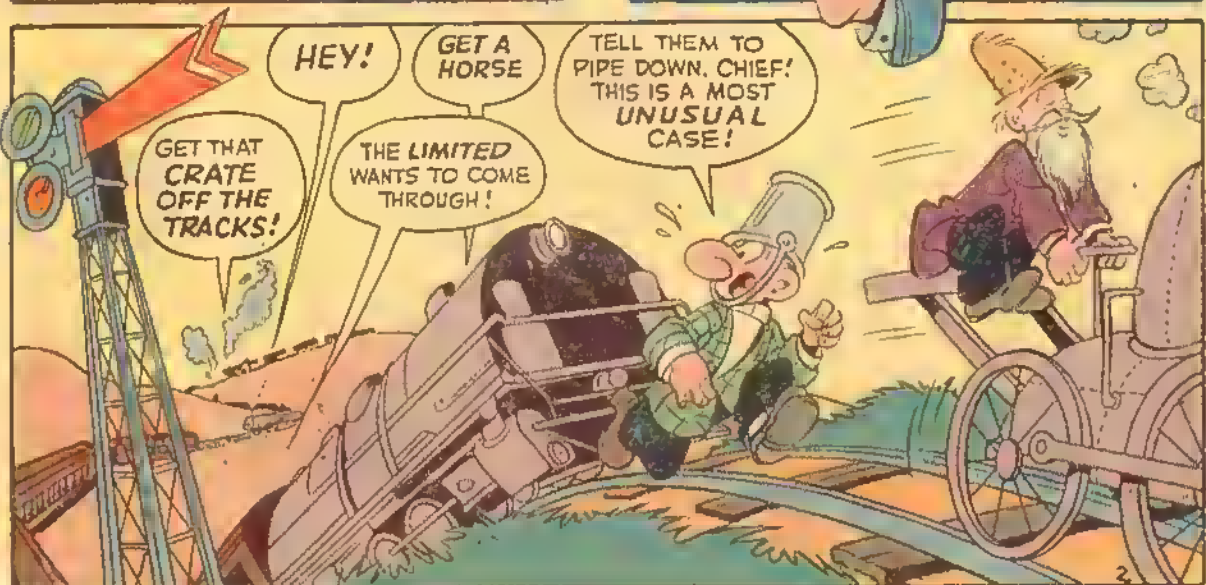
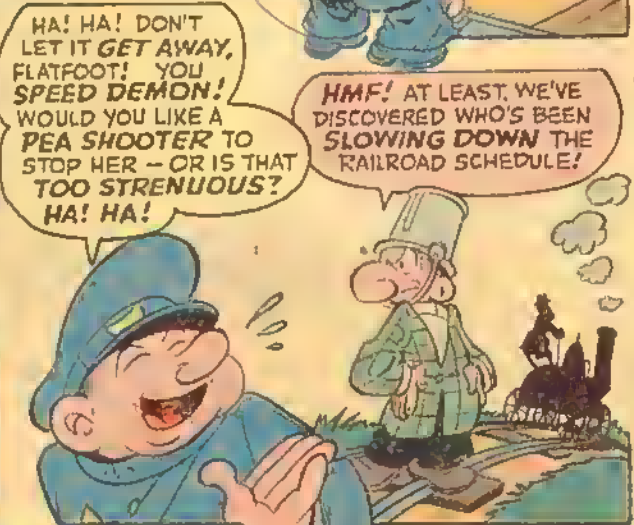
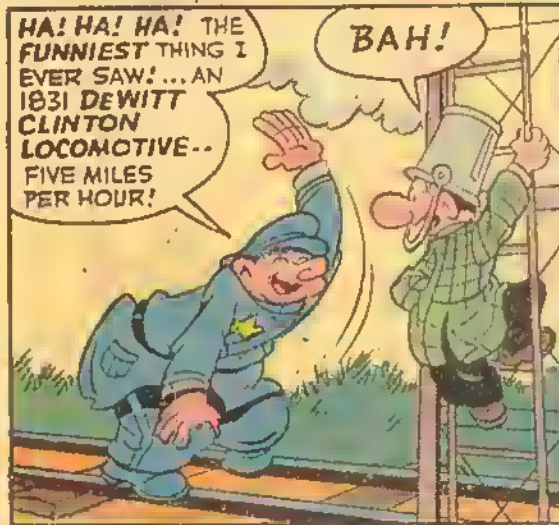
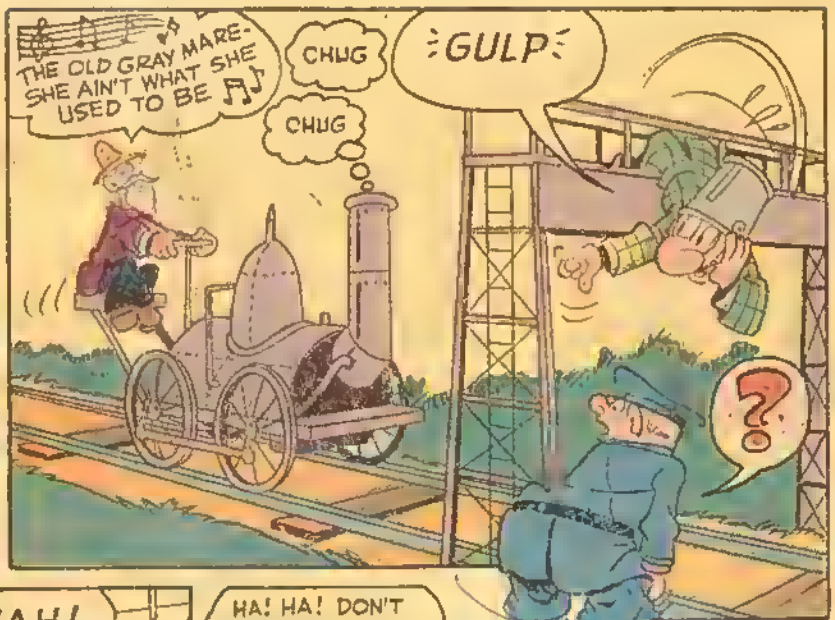
By DIB



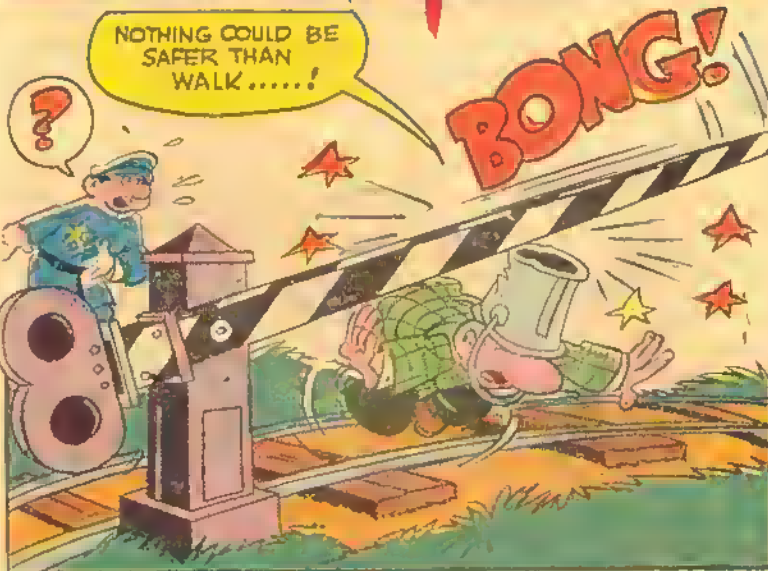
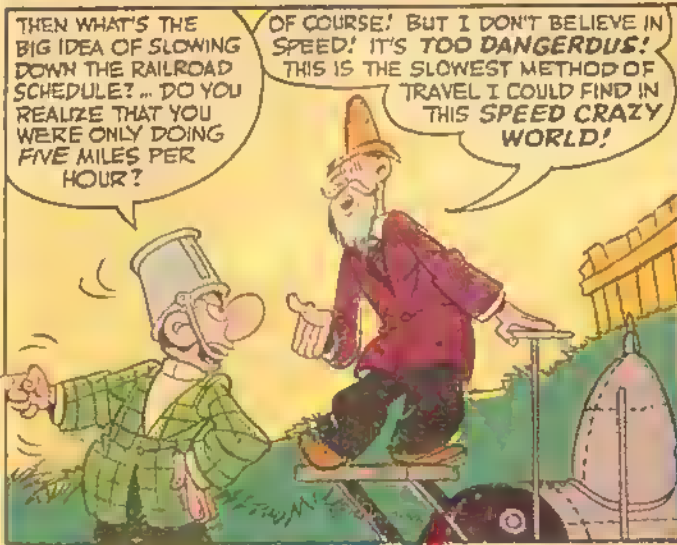
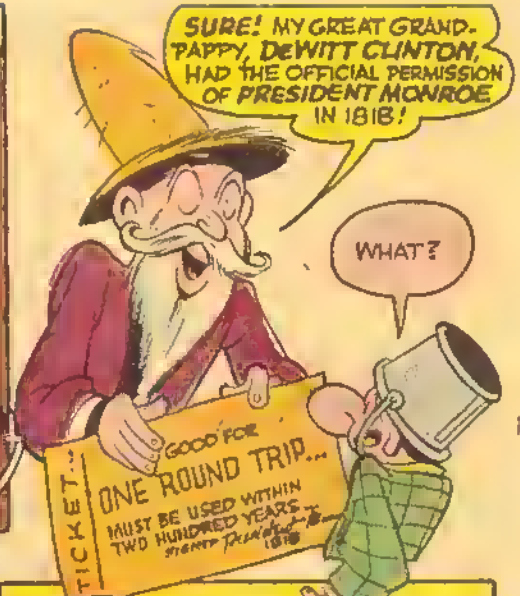
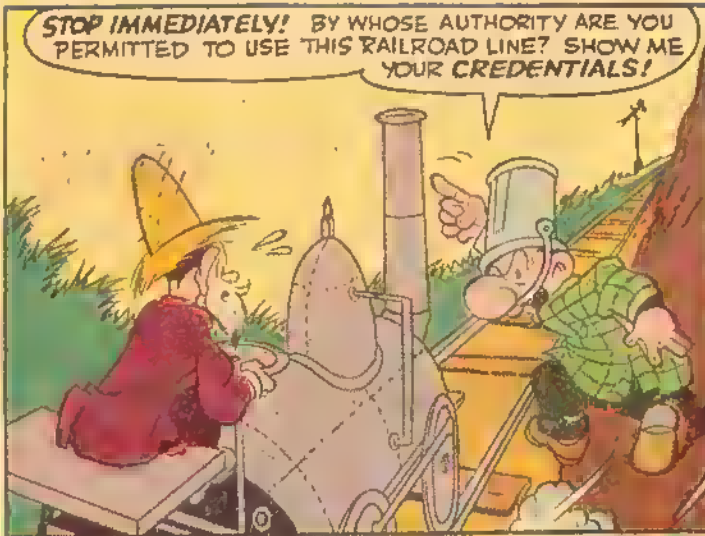
The Spirit



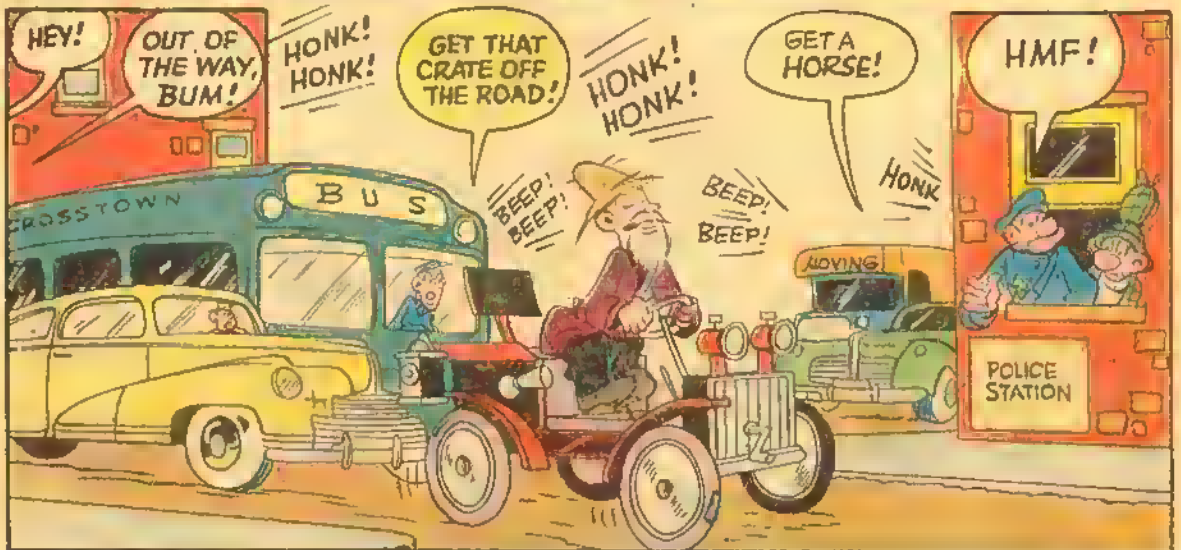
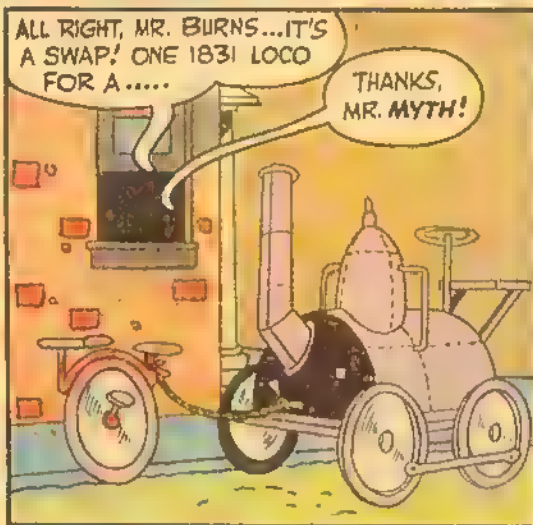
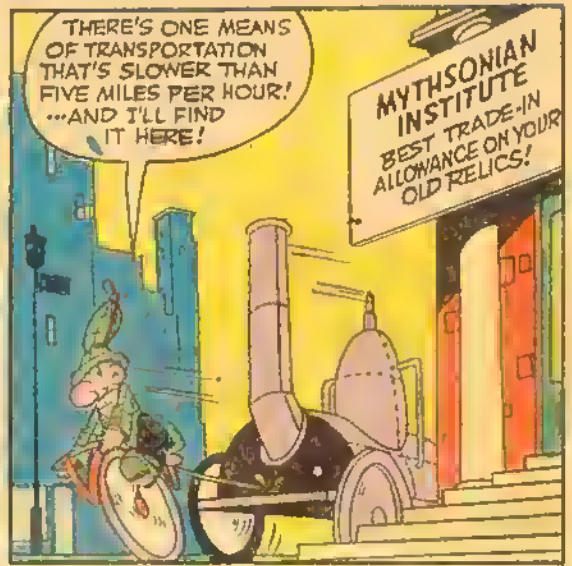
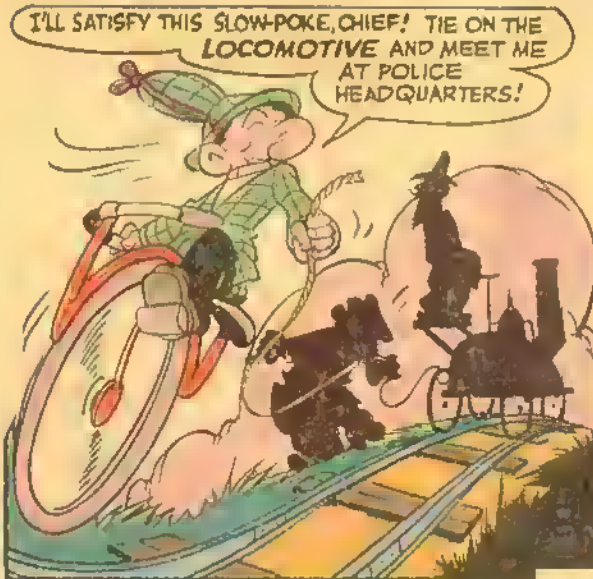
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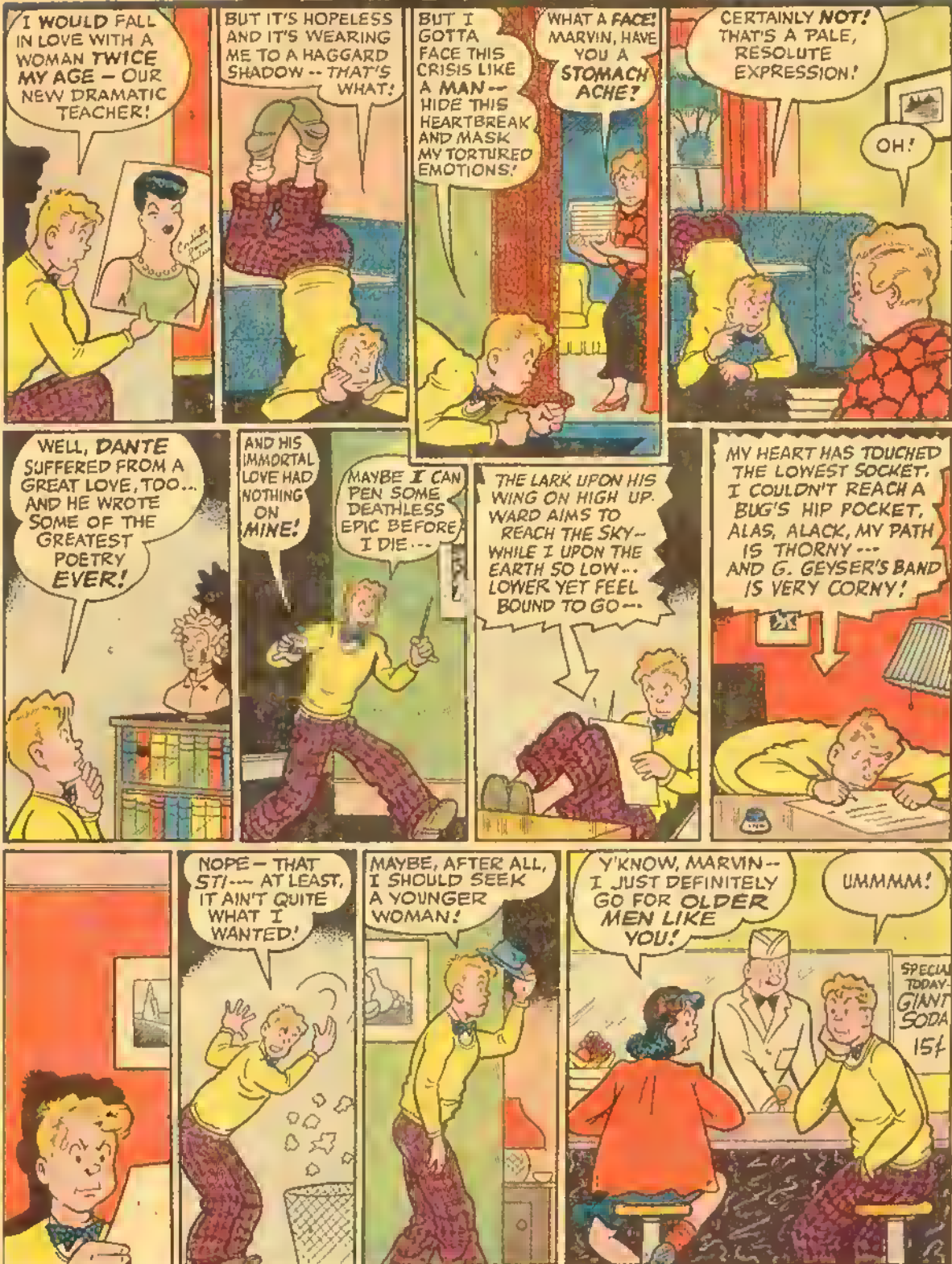
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The Spirit



The Spirit
JONES Y



GHASTLY MISTAKE

ABOU BEN HAMID bent over his wares in the great market place and mumbled to himself. Sales were far below what they should be. The ferengi were careful these days; they couldn't be—what you say—gypped so easily as in the days before the great war.

Abou ben Hamid lifted a goat hair vest and began singing its praises as a party of Europeans stopped before his tent.

"Good—good. A vest to make thy ancestors proud," he sang. "Only 20 shillings . . . only 20 shillings."

One of the Englishmen laughed and turned away. "Junk," he muttered. "Let's get out of this pig sty of a market . . . good grief, those pigeons!"

He led his party rapidly away from the huge ring of tents and permanent shacks that lined the square. The Europeans stumbled along, kicking pigeons away from their feet, fighting others that perched carelessly on their arms and shoulders. In all Syria there were no more pigeons than in the market place at Attak.

Abou ben Hamid grumbled some more. Only natives now stopped for a few moments before his stall. The hordes of pigeons that cluttered the square all day long frightened all others away. In a way, Abou ben Hamid couldn't blame them; those birds were a great nuisance. Literally thousands of them flew and fluttered and landed everywhere.

The old Arab glanced upward, toward the blue gum trees that lined the courtyards and camel pounds surrounding the market place. The trees were covered with the birds. Their limbs and branches were bare, every leaf eaten long before it had had a chance to barely bud.

Yes, this pigeon menace was indeed a terrible thing. But what was there to do about it? Always it had been thus. In the old days, before the ferengi had come, no one paid any attention to the birds' doings. But Americans and Europeans were more meticulous.

Everywhere in the market place it was the same. The vendors sang their wares, made ridiculous offers to the foreigners. But no one stayed long enough to realize the great values they were offered.

Some burnoused Arabs came riding into the market place on tall camels piled high with cases of trade goods. Abou ben Hamid paid no

attention to them until he saw a white man climb down, then halt to stare at the flocks of circling, cooing pigeons.

The man was young, lithe, tall, and very tanned. He turned his head this way and that, grinning.

"Whew!" he said. "Never saw so many birds before! Where do they come from?" he asked one of the natives in good Arabic.

"Allah sends them each year," replied that one. "It is perhaps his vengeance upon these so poor traders for charging exorbitant prices and cheating." He grinned a wry grin.

The young man chuckled. "I can believe that."

They moved off then toward one of the unloading places and Abou ben Hamid lost track of them. Newcomers. They were many these days. But it did no good. There were few to make purchases.

When the shadows were lengthening on the gum trees to the eastern side of the square, he rolled up his wares, slung the pack over his shoulder, and trudged from the square. It had been an ill day; he had sold only some trifles—scarcely enough for a bit of hashish.

Ibd Selim had done better, much better. The big Arab leaned back among his silken cushions and chuckled enormously, his several chins quaking. He waved a bejeweled pudgy hand to the servant, then the rich tent was empty except for Ibn Selim and a dark European.

"It is well," said the Arab. "The trick is a good one. I should have thought of it myself." His brow darkened momentarily at the thought, then cleared as a new thought raced after the passing one. "And the money?"

The European smiled in an oily fashion and tapped a pocket. "\$10,000—4,000 pounds, O Healer of human destinies," he said softly. "It is all here." He withdrew a fat billfold and extracted a sheaf of currency, handing it over.

The Arab ran through them expertly. Smiled. "Allah's blessing," he muttered. "It is as you said. And for such a small thing." He looked up. "But your information—you get it—?" He let the question hang.

The European smiled craftily. "That is my secret, O Shaper of Life," he said. "So long as the opium comes in such great quantities—and the English police don't find out—your cut will be the same."

The Spirit

The Arab nodded, fondling the bills. "It is as Allah dictates," he said caressingly. "And the next shipment—"

"In two weeks. We can't crowd the thing too much." The European got up and held out his hand. "Until the next time then," he said. They shook and he took his departure.

Cyril Clayton, the young man who had just arrived in Attak, strode about the market place keeping his eyes wide open. Secretly he was Inspector Clayton of the Secret Police. For many months the opium trade had been growing. The search for the source of the traffic had narrowed down to Attak. But no one had been able to find a clue. Somehow the crooks in this neighborhood were obtaining great quantities of the drug and smuggling it through the lines. With secret police everywhere, how did they get their information about caches?

Cyril wandered about for a time, then he suddenly saw a pigeon land on a ragged tent not far away. A tiny capsule was fastened to its leg. It cooed and strutted on the tent top. Then a quick hand darted up from somewhere below and the pigeon vanished.

"Hum," said Cyril. "Must be a carrier. . . . Ah!" He moved closer to the tent and abruptly lifted the flap. An old man squatted inside, drowsing over a water pipe. There was no pigeon about. There wouldn't be, of course. The old scamp had released the bird on the other side and it had mingled with the thousands of others.

Cyril thought of the thing. How could a fellow stop carriers from landing in this square, where so many birds milled constantly?

Then a brilliant idea struck him. That evening he dispatched a hasty cable to London, to the Chemical Warfare Division, asking for an odd device, giving no details. He chuckled as he thought how his request would make those old dodos scratch their heads. But he knew they'd comply.

A few days later a fast plane landed near the walls of Attak and a man with a large case came to Cyril's hotel. Cyril laughed as he explained his new scheme.

"Might work. I hope so. Can you imagine stopping those pigeons any other way?"

The flyer couldn't. "Never saw so many darned squabs in my life. You figger that'll do the trick?"

Cyril winked. "It's only a guess. You goin' to stick around awhile?"

"If you try the stunt tomorrow, or no later than the next day," he said. "I'd like to see how she works."

The next day Cyril set up his equipment in a well sheltered tent in the square. It required a couple of hours. When it was finished he turned it on. There was little sound, but as the thing picked up speed there was not the faintest noise from it.

The two men went outside. The pigeons were as before. But as they watched some of the birds began flying away. Others. More and more. And then, for the first time in centuries perhaps, the square was bare of birds. It caused a great sensation.

Cyril's portable radio told him that watchers on the desert reported the pigeons still flying away at ten miles distance.

Cyril grinned. "Guess it works. They'll have a hard time getting carrier pigeon messages in here now. Should stop the opium traffic in no time."

The flyer looked blank. "But you haven't told me what the dickens it is."

"Just a whistle," Cyril explained. "A special whistle that blows at 50,000 cycles a second—far above the human range, but making a noise that is plainly irritating to a pigeon's super-sensitive eardrums."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said the flyer.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1911, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF THE SPIRIT, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. on October 1, 1936

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of THE SPIRIT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and control of said paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the year shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 21, 1911 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Loyal Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Loyal Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is, all owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated entity, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given. Everett M. Arnold, Loyal Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: all their names, so titled None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, bondholders, and security holders, if any, contain only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company and do not contain where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such interest is being, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company are trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1936.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1939.)



MIDNIGHT -- ON A SIDE STREET
OF CENTRAL CITY...

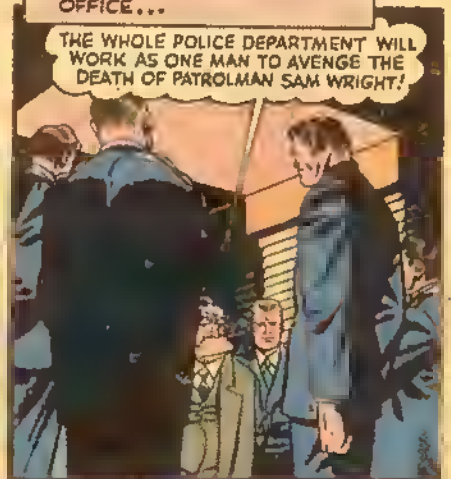


EAT THAT
LEAD, WISE
GUY!

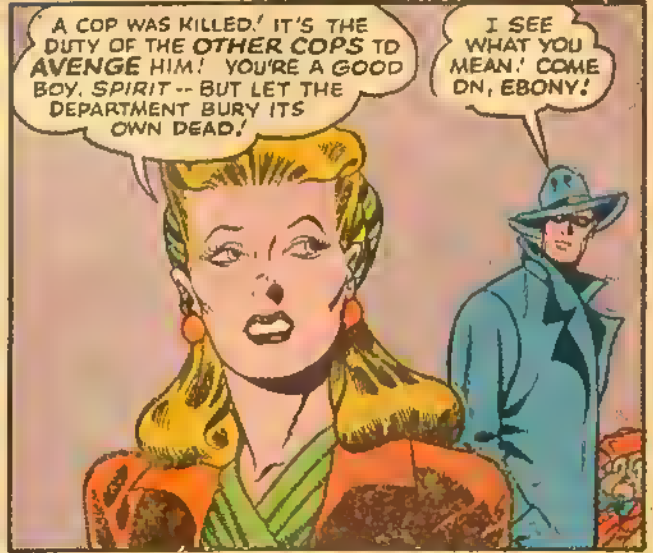
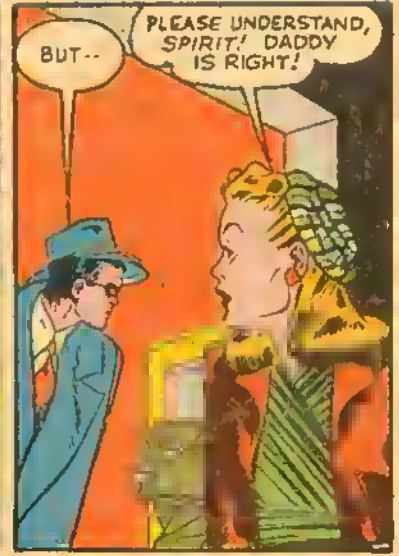


AND IN COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S
OFFICE...

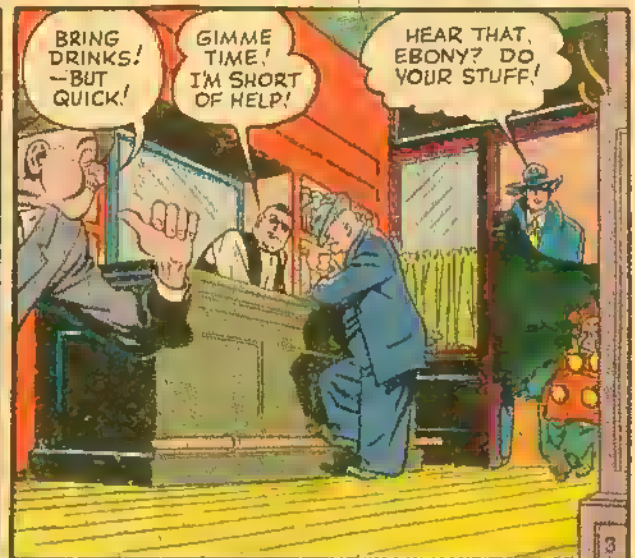
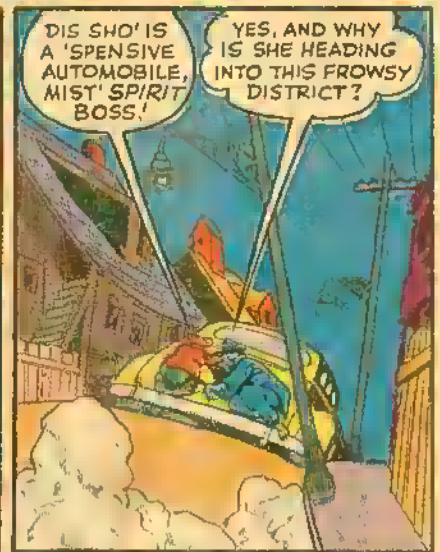
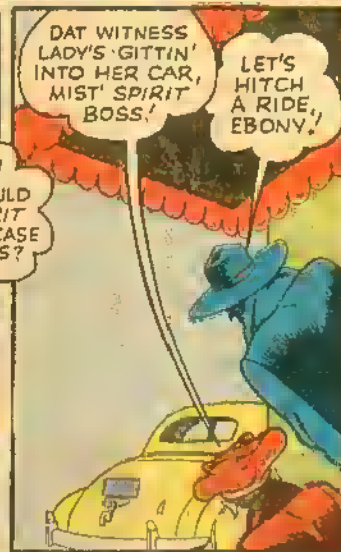
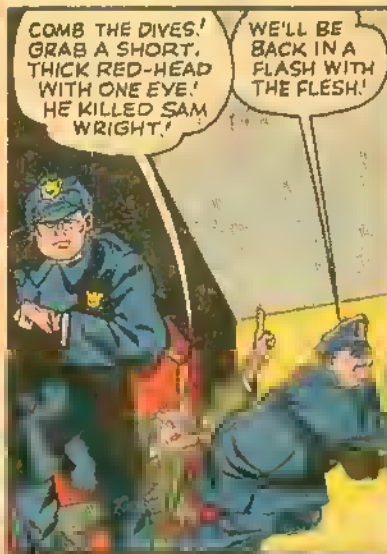
THE WHOLE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL
WORK AS ONE MAN TO AVENGE THE
DEATH OF PATROLMAN SAM WRIGHT!



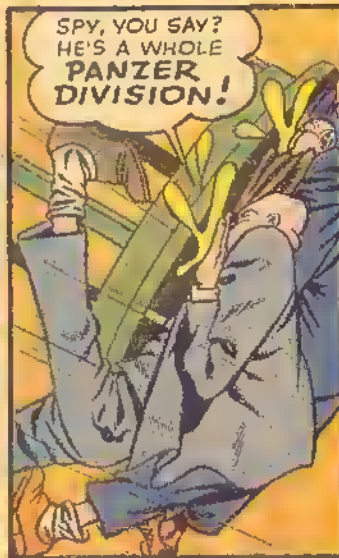
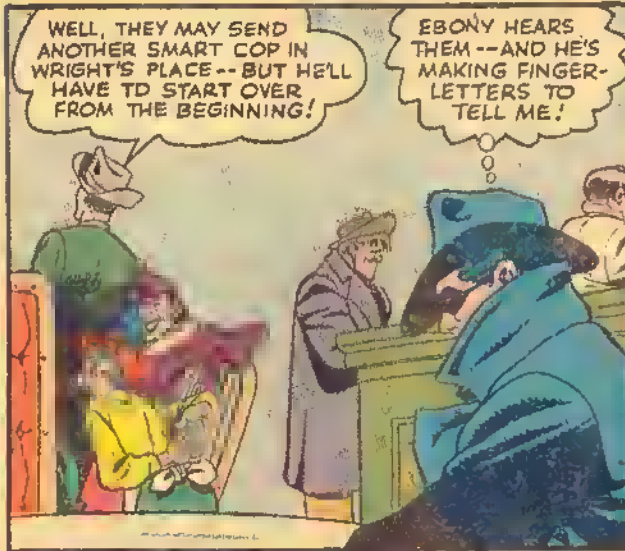
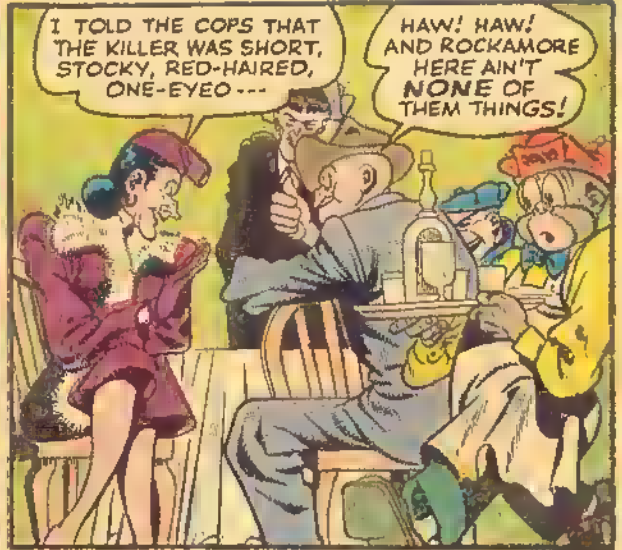
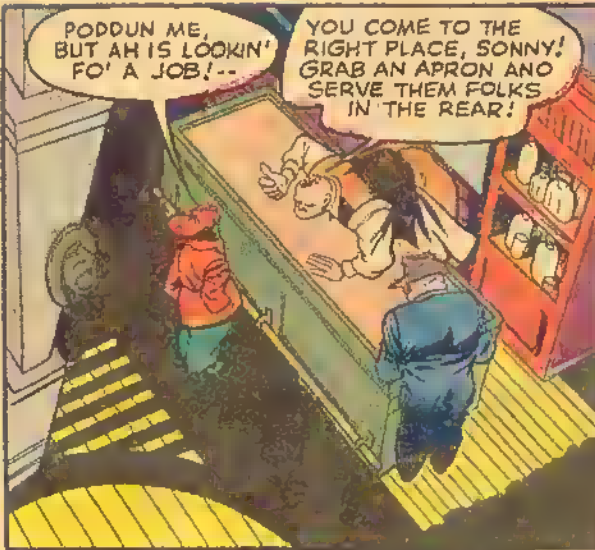
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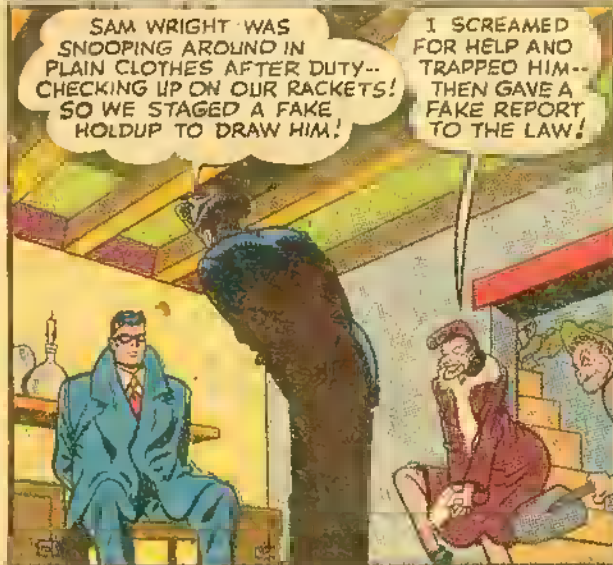
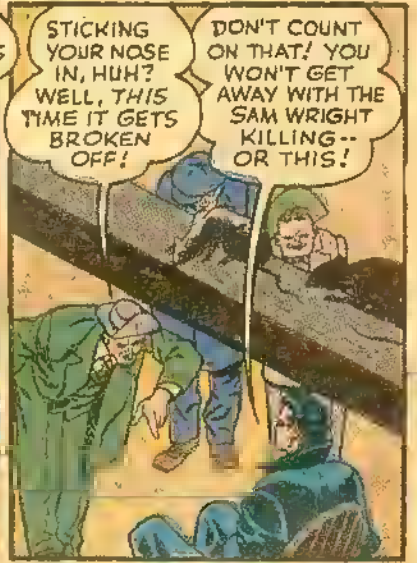
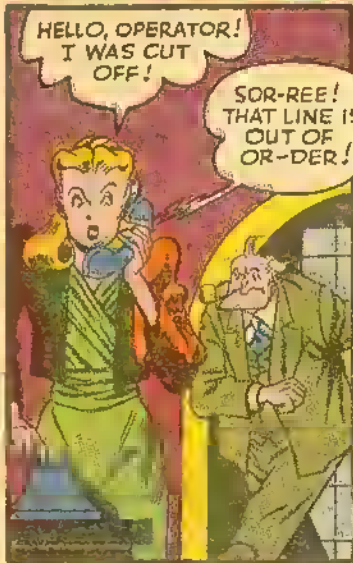
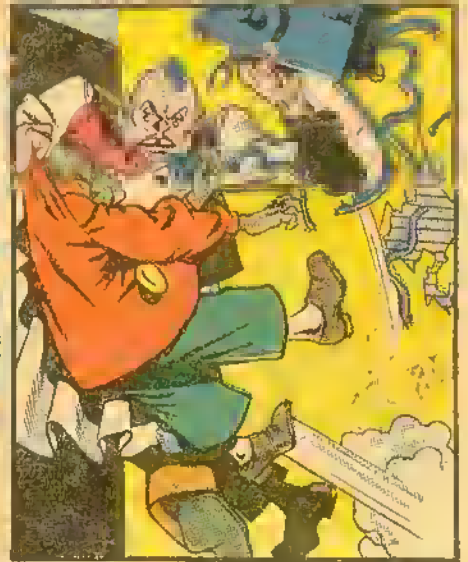
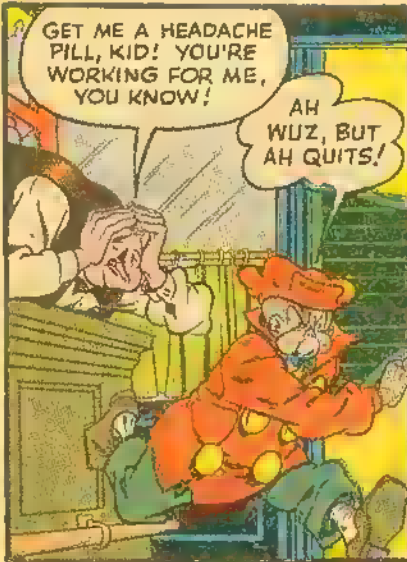
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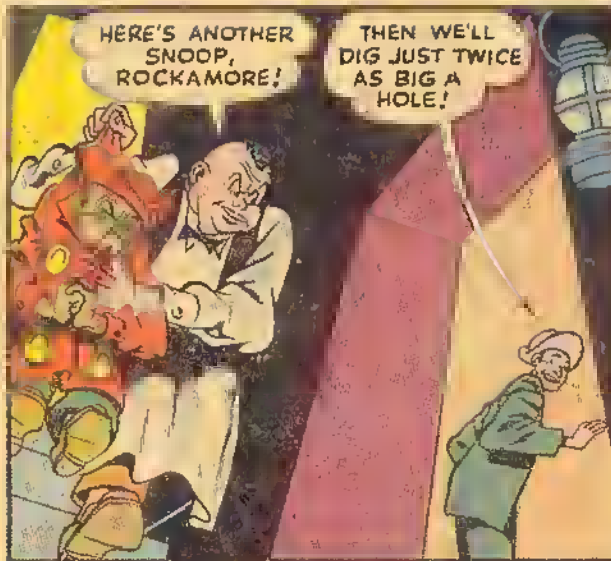
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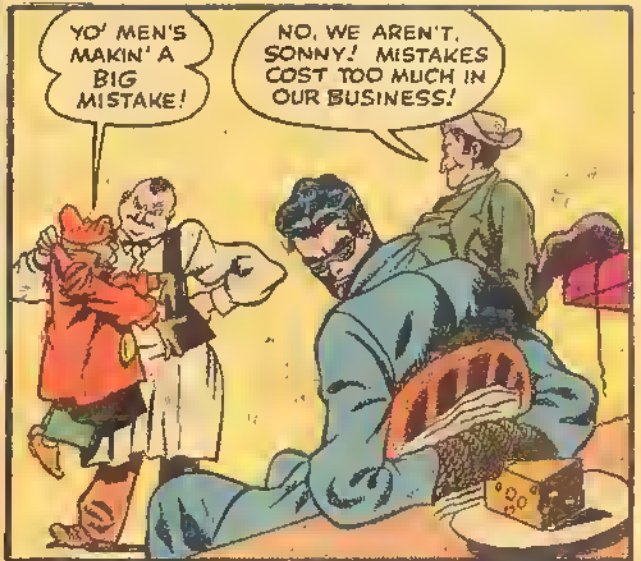
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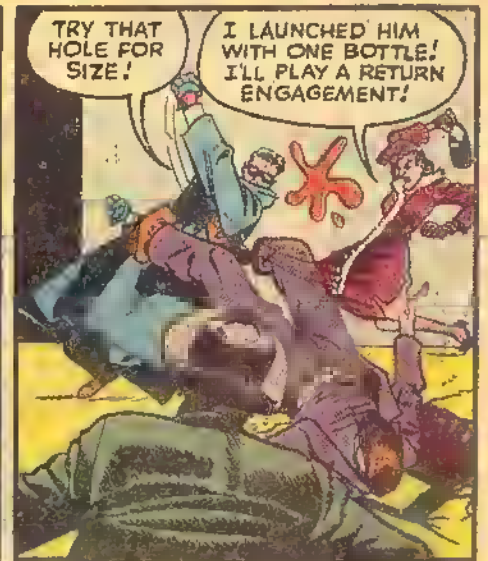
THEN WE'LL DIG JUST TWICE AS BIG A HOLE!



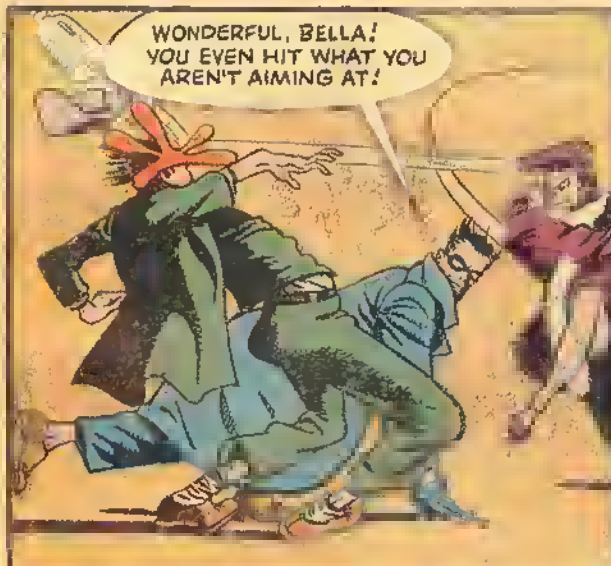
NO, WE AREN'T, SONNY! MISTAKES COST TOO MUCH IN OUR BUSINESS!



HE'S LOOSE! I'LL...

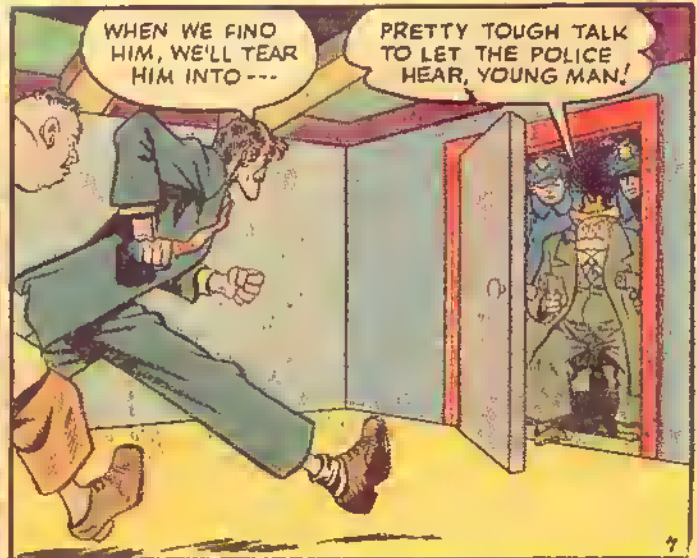
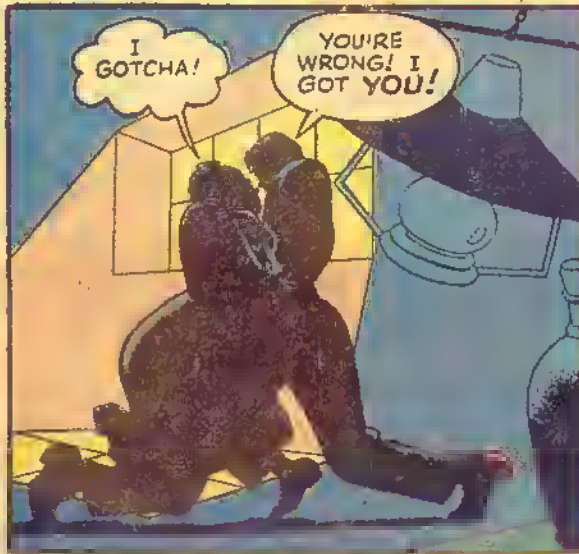


I LAUNCHED HIM WITH ONE BOTTLE! I'LL PLAY A RETURN ENGAGEMENT!

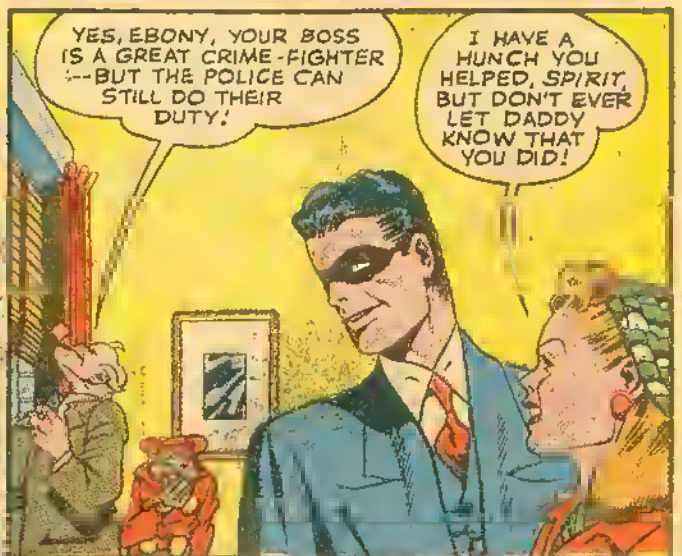
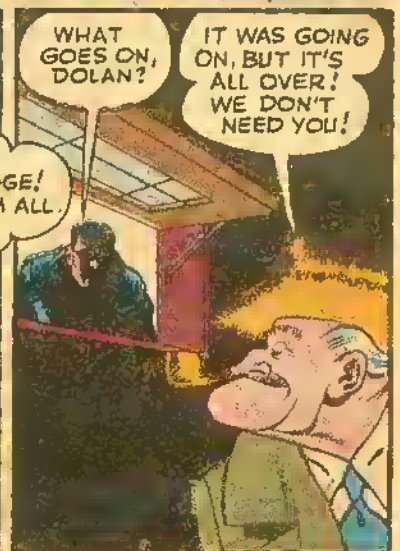
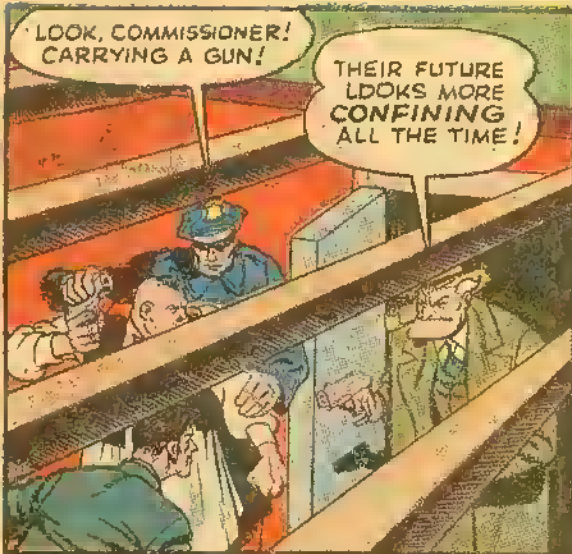


YASSUH! DEY DONE TURNED TO RUBBAH!

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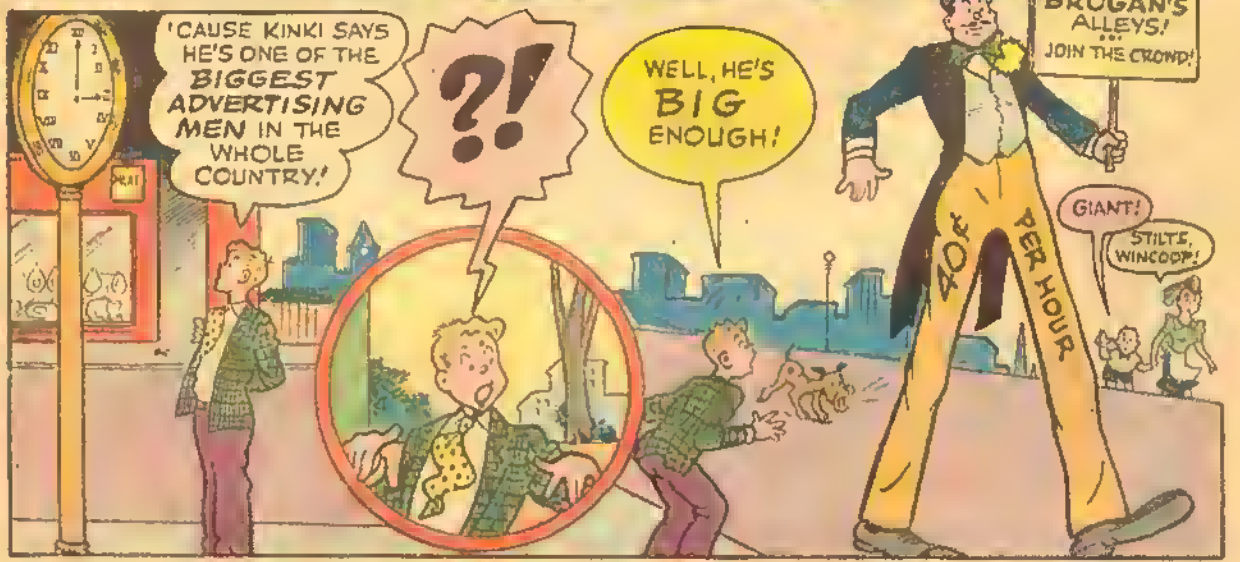
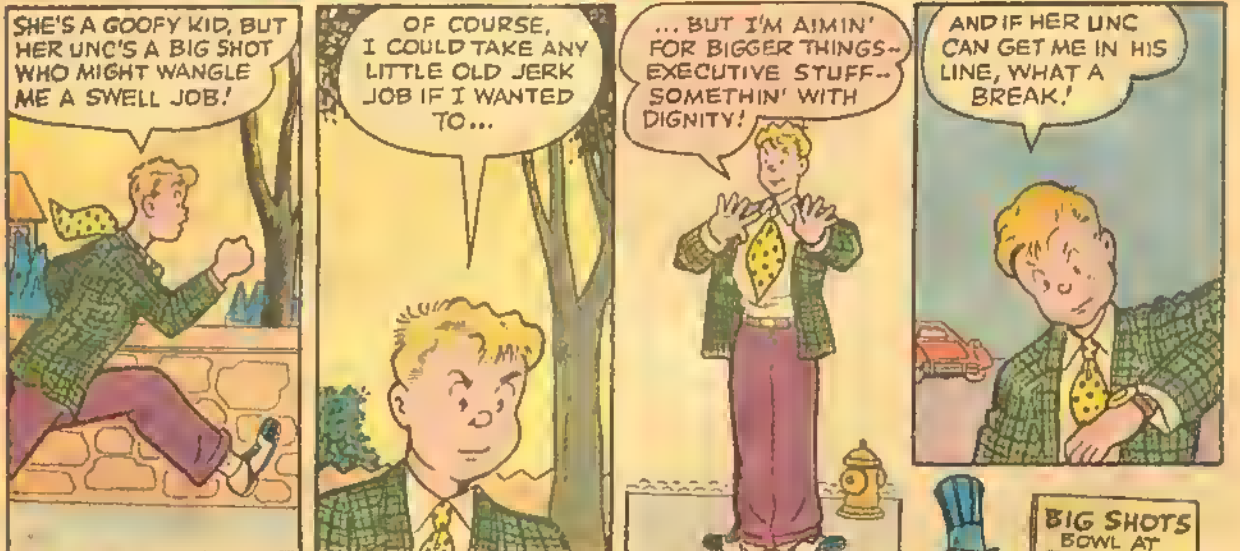
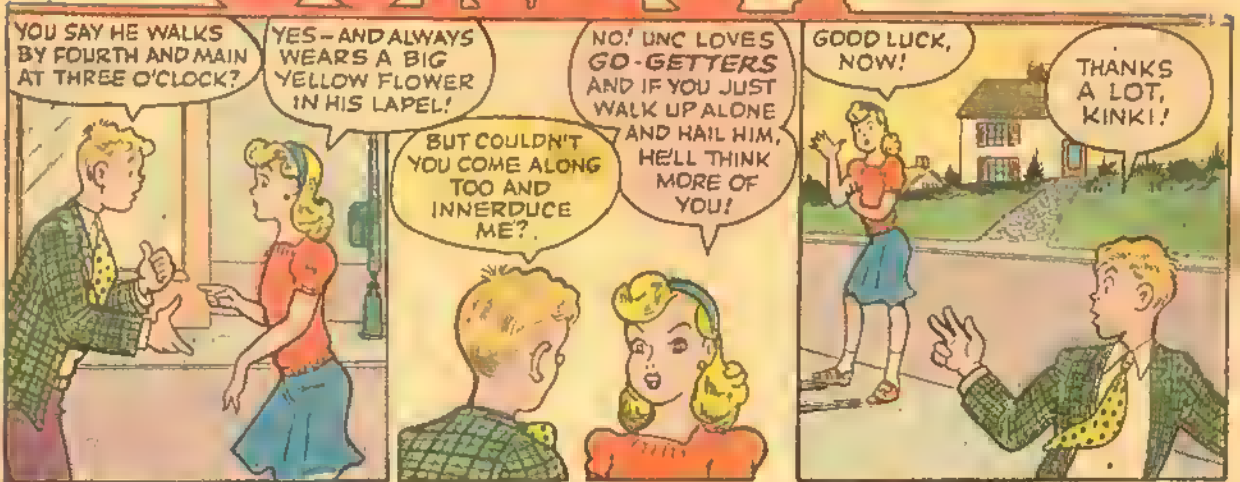
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Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch on" to bicycles. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you'll read.

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Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't talk while!

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